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**WOMEN'S
WEEKLY**

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Page 11

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22 JUN 1948
OF NEW SOUTH WALES

Happiness can wait

By MARY ROSBOROUGH

THE sunlight soaked into Judy's very bones as she posed languorously in a black bathing-suit against the white plastered wall.

Kip Conlon fiddled with the camera, and, looking up, said impatiently, "You forgot to take off that ring again. How many times—"

Without a word she took off a quaint little ring and handed it to Kip, who, without comment, passed it to Pat, the "checker," who had charge of costumes and accessories worn by the photographic models while on location.

Kip's utter disinterestedness in the ring was strange, Judy thought, as though he'd forgotten how they had selected it in that Mexican antique shop last year. It had been his birthday gift.

Kip had been strange ever since she returned from her Bermuda job, and to-day he was more reserved than ever. Was it because Winter, whom she'd met there, had turned up? Usually he teased her about her "followers," and she talked them over with him. But Winter, she knew, irritated him with his creed that youth should be one long round of pleasure. Personally, she found Winter refreshing and his gaiety a pleasant relaxation from the exactitude of her work.

Kip knew she was ambitious, knew things she would not dream of telling anyone else—her humble beginning and background, and her determination that nothing should stand in the way of achieving success. Kip had helped her get a screen test, and when the Hollywood offer came had advised her to take it. He did all he could to help her get on, and refrained from mentioning his love, declared so quietly but convincingly shortly after that Mexican trip.

She'd told him then that love and happiness would have to wait, for there were only a few short years of her youth in which to make good. Kip had accepted her decision, and gone quietly on in his friendly way, but now he seemed too remote.

Judy was remembering again the utter peace and serenity of that "lost" day in Mexico. The New York office called it "lost" because, with pictures finished and everyone packed, a grounded plane prevented them from going on to another assignment. Judy and Kip had spent

the day in Taxco, and found the ring, and after that he had painted her in a borrowed Mexican costume perched on a wall outside a cantina, in a narrow street that climbed straight to the hot, blue sky.

Kip had been an artist before the war turned him into a reconnaissance officer and excellent photographer. Judy hoped he would go back to painting.

She was awakened from her reverie by Kip's voice.

"Here," he called, and tossed her a pair of sunglasses. "Try these. Sit, this time. Knees up, feet crossed."

Judy sank obediently to the sun-warmed tiles, and Kip climbed on a chair and squinted through his lens.

Winter Bingham took this opportunity to stride over and pointedly wave his wrist-watch at Judy, to remind her of their luncheon date.

"Sorry to interfere with Miss Parker's social life," Kip said, eyeing him, "but we've a deadline to meet."

"Come away, you idiot, before Kip blows his top!" The magazine editor who was running the Sea Island job hastily took Winter's arm, photographers being vastly more important than rich young men.

Judy was thankful for the dark glasses.

Through their screen she watched Kip, an absorbed young man who studied every detail of her face, her hair, her dress, yet did not see her at all. She dared not speak as he finished her shots, nodded curtly, then stalked out on the beach to photograph Julie against a background of boats with colored sails.

She got up and walked off with Winter to a spot on the beach away from the set.

"Nice, isn't it?" Winter said, "and it could be this way all the time if you'll just say the word. What are you afraid of, Judy? Loving is just a concentrated form of liking."

"You make it sound like a vitamin tablet," she replied laughingly.

Winter was arguing, "You really should slow down. You're burning up with energy and ambition; where's it going to get you?"

"To the top, I hope," she said, then wondered an instant if the "top" could be worth all this strain and effort. There'd be a few years longer while her looks and youth and strength

held out—then what? She gazed speculatively at Winter, enjoying his easygoing life. He was offering her one like it. Well, why not?

She stirred guiltily, rousing herself. "Watch the time for me," she said. "We're taking wedding pictures at three. Punctuality is practically the only virtue a model has to have."

She bent to see his wrist-watch. "Why, how nice. I thought it was later." She relaxed again and did not see his secret smile as he, too, glanced down at the watch. "I mean that," she went on, yawning. "If a model breaks an appointment she throws a lot of people out of gear. One broken date, and she's black-listed—finished."

"A lot of hokey!" scoffed Winter. His voice softened: "Cut out that Hollywood trip, baby! I'll give you anything you want—and things for your family, too, if that's worrying you—I'm not tight about money. I know well enough when you want something bad you've sure got to pay for it."

"What a nice, romantic thought," she said coolly. "The trouble with you, Winter, you're so accustomed to buying things you've missed

the biggest thrill of all—earning them. I'm leaving for the coast to-morrow night after we finish on location. I've barely time to get there before my picture begins, so don't waste your breath arguing with me!"

They both heard the shrill voice calling her name, and Winter put a clumsy hand over her ear. "Don't listen, baby; somebody's just trying to crash our party."

But Judy sat upright, startled. Far down the beach Dee Benton was waving wildly. "Why, it's Dee!—Kip! I must be late!" She sprang up. "Your watch is slow, Winter."

He grinned. "Sure, and I slowed it! How'm I ever to get a word with you unless—"

"You did that," she gasped, "after I told you—!"

She was off, running like a deer down the beach towards the group of people.

Winter was after her, panting. "Judy, don't be sore—I'll fix everything."

"Of all the selfish—contemptible tricks! You think—your money—can fix everything—"

By this time they reached the station wagon, and Judy had only breath enough left to stammer, "I'm so sorry!"

Please turn to page 4

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Page 3



Kip painted her in a borrowed Mexican costume, perched on a wall outside the cantina.

A NEW IDEA IN RADIO *Leisurely Listening*



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Happiness Can Wait

Continued from page 3

NEXT day the party set off in the hotel station wagon to a place several miles away, where the last shots were to be taken. Winter inveigled the editor into letting him go, too, pleading it was Judy's last day before leaving for Hollywood.

When Judy was through, Winter suggested a walk. "My aunt has a place nearby," he said. "It's just a nice walk. I want her to meet you."

She hesitated, but said finally, "I have to watch the time; but wait, I'll check." Kip was working nearby. At least he would be forced to speak to her. "Kip, is it all right for me to go for a walk?" she asked.

"Sure, but don't be long." "We won't," Winter replied. "I'm taking Judy to visit my aunt. I particularly want them to meet."

Kip's eyes hardened for a minute, then he said to Judy, "Don't forget your plane goes at eleven-five, and it will take a couple of hours to drive to the airport."

"We'll be back in time," Winter said. "I have a reservation on that plane too."

The two men stared at each other in silence, then Kip turned back to his camera.

They walked off, Judy stalling like a teapot. "I don't know why I bother with you, Winter," she exclaimed. "You're a lying, selfish, inconsiderate—!" She broke off suddenly, realising it was Kip she was angry with. Winter didn't matter that much.

"Now, listen," Winter snorted; "all's fair in—you know what! Anyway, I just decided to go to-night. I'll take you to the airport and hope for a seat on the plane." He paused at the editor's chair to lean over and explain where they were off to, adding, "Perhaps it would be simpler if my aunt sends us back to the hotel in her car. Then you won't have to wait for us here."

The editor told him he was very thoughtful, and Judy listened in helpless irritation. She stalked ahead, glad she was leaving for the Coast and would see the last of the whole crowd, including Winter.

Judy gave an exclamation of pleasure as she glimpsed the house through the trees. Then she realised, with a shock, that all the lower doors and windows were boarded up.

"Why, it's closed!" she cried, staring at Winter. "Your aunt—?"

"She must not have arrived. I've been duped—misinformed!" "Do you really have an aunt?" demanded Judy, trying not to smile at his absurd air.

"Of course I have an aunt, and she owns this house. There's her caretaker." He pointed to an old negro down in the garden. "Don't get your back up! Everything's all right. I'll borrow his car to take us back to the hotel." He waved an arm, calling, "Ben! We'll be around for a bit."

"Yes-suh, Mister Winter." The man said, smiling broadly.

They found a shaded seat, and the garden stretched at their feet green and silent. Slowly the color died out of the day, and Judy stirred restlessly. "It's time to go, Winter."

"Heck, it won't take us half an hour to get back to the hotel."

"But I have to pack and dress. I can't fly to New York like this."

He got up, sighing. "All right. I'll get the car. Want to come along?"

She shook her head, but when he had gone everything seemed abnormally quiet. She was glad to hear the whine of the wheelbarrow as Ben came ambling round the house.

"Whar Mister Winter gone, ma'am?"

"To get your car to take us back to the hotel."

He scratched his head, puzzled. "But I tol' Mister Winter, when he phoned, de car was broke down."

"He phoned you? When?"

"Dis mawning, ma'am. Say he was comin' over with a lady."

Winter came quickly round the house. "Now, honey, don't blow your top, but we—"

"—Can't get back to the hotel; the car's broken down," she finished coldly.

"How did you—?" Then he swung around and gazed after Ben, who was discreetly leaving.

Judy said angrily: "After yesterday I might have known you'd pull a stupid, childish trick like this to make me miss my plane and break my movie contract."

"You'd have thought it an accident," Winter said sullenly. "If it hadn't been for that fool, Ben, Judy, I'll lose you if I let you go now. That's why I did it. Think of it from my point of view. I love you, I'll give you anything—"

"It happens I don't want anything you have to offer me, Winter, including yourself. I can do what I like with my own life."

"Of all the stubborn—"

"No, it isn't stubbornness," she said slowly. "There's a nicer word. Let's call it—integrity. I've never used it before. I've just discovered what it means—that I belong to myself and can't be bought. Now please go in and phone the hotel to send a car for us, quick."

Winter turned sulkily and, calling Ben, went round to a side door.

Judy leaned shakily against the seat. "Keep your head," she told herself sternly. "You got yourself into this. Get yourself out!"

She ran softly down the steps to the driveway.

Far ahead the lights of a car appeared and she stopped, chilled with dismay.

She could see the driver's head leaning out as the car slowed, brakes screeching. "Kip!" she cried, running toward him.

The door swung open and she scrambled in.

"Are you all right?" demanded Kip as the car lurched backward across the road in a swift turnabout.

"Yes, of course. How did you ever happen to come, Kip?"

"I learned at the hotel that Bingham's aunt was still in New York and the house closed." Now he glanced searchingly at her, his face grim. "I only wish I had time to go back and slug that heel!"

"He's not worth bothering about," she cried. "Have we a chance to make the plane?"

"We're going to try." She was flung against him as they roared off down the road. "Climb over in back and change your clothes," Kip said. "I brought all your bags. The girls packed for you."

"Oh—Kip!"

He said sternly, "If you cry now I'll punch you!" But his hand patted her arm warmly, comfortingly, as she climbed over the seat and pulled on a skirt and sweater. When Kip slowed for a traffic light, she climbed nimbly over into the front seat beside him.

Judy moved closer to him for warmth, for the comfort his firm, flesh-and-blood reality gave her. Kip had asked no questions, made no reproaches. And she knew suddenly, with a choked feeling, that loving meant caring more about someone else than you cared about yourself. "Why are you so wonderful to me, Kip?" she sighed.

"I think you know." His voice was quiet and deep. He kept his eyes on the road.

"Do you want me to go to Hollywood?" she asked with sudden tenseness. "Why wasn't Kip against it as Winter had been?"

"Yes. I want you to do everything that's important to you, Judy. You're probably no great shakes as an actress, but it'll be a good experience for you."

"And when I get tired of trying things out, will you—?" Her voice trailed off.

"Well? Keep on." He was looking at her, his eyes amused and tender. "Are you afraid to say it?"

"I thought maybe you had forgotten—or didn't mean it any more," she stammered.

"I'll mean it to my dying day," he said. He drew her close to him. "Do you love me, Judy, at last?" The arm around her was tense.

"I have, all along," she whispered, "only I didn't have sense enough to know it."

"How soon do you think you'll lose your looks, darling, so you can marry me?" he said, half-laughing.

"I'm practically an old hag right now!" she answered.

(Copyright)

Interesting People



MISS FREDA THOMPSON
flyer and club chairman

AS chairman of Royal Victorian Aero Club, well-known airwoman Miss Freda Thompson guides committee of nine men. Fifth woman to learn to fly in Victoria, Miss Thompson started flying in 1930. In 1934 she flew solo from England in her own Gipsy Major, which now belongs to Broken Hill Aero Club. Holds instructor's ticket, but has never instructed. Now owns a Hornet Moth, which she flies all over Australia. Was A.W.A.S. transport driver.



MAJOR-GENERAL FRANK KINGSLEY NORRIS
Army health director

NEW Director-General of A.M.F. Medical Services, Major-General Frank Kingsley Norris served on Gallipoli as a stretcher-bearer, completed his medical course on return, and practised as a children's specialist. In last war he served in the Middle East, New Guinea, and Borneo, twice humped his pack over the Owen Stanleys to work in forward area. He has the C.B.E., D.S.O., and Efficiency Decoration.



MRS MARGARET MCINTYRE,
O.B.E., M.L.C.

... Tasmanian politician
FIRST woman to enter the Tasmanian Parliament is Mrs. Margaret McIntyre, now member for Cornwall. Daughter of the late Sir Edgeworth David, she graduated from Sydney University, is acting Chief Commissioner of Girl Guides for Australia, and is President of the Launceston Players' Society. Interests include National Council of Women and Graduates' Association.

MOUNTAIN PRELUDE

By Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings

IMPELLED by violent grief to escape from familiar surroundings, HELEN JACKSON, famous pianist, sets out in her car to drive to "nowhere."

Her aviator husband was shot down in the war, and her 12-year-old son killed in an aeroplane crash shortly afterwards. With her is their faithful collie JOCK.

After driving aimlessly for two days, Helen finds herself at a small settlement in beautiful mountain country.

There is a small, untenanted cottage, and nothing its "to let" sign she goes as directed to the store kept by WILLIE B. WILLIEGOODE and rents it. She has difficulty in coping with domestic arrangements, but finally gets a meal for herself and dog, and settles down for the night. Early next morning she is awakened by a knock and opens the door. A boy, painfully similar to her son in age and stature, smiles up at her. **NOW READ ON:**

HELEN stood stunned and staring. She said hoarsely, "Who are you? What are you doing here? Why have you come to my door?"

The boy's smile flashed even more brightly.

"I'm Jerry," he said. "I brought you enough wood to start you off."

Behind him was a rough, flat sled heaped with wood of various sizes. She put her hand to her throat.

"Why did you come here?"

"Mr. Williegoode sent word he knew you'd be ready for wood now."

"Yes, yes, there isn't any wood."

He said, "You got a heap o' good blocks back o' the house, time I get 'em chopped. I can chop for 'bout an hour this morning."

She exclaimed involuntarily: "You? But you're small!"

He chuckled. "Size don't matter, choppin' wood. Some of the big boys don't chop good. I been choppin' wood a long time."

She struggled with herself. She wanted to dismiss him, to be done with the sight of him. She could not move or speak. As she stood numbly, he bent to the sled and thrust two bottles into her hands.

"Mr. Williegoode said to bring you milk and cream, too, and I can fetch it ever' morning do you want it?"

She said stupidly, "Yes, milk and cream."

Whistling under his breath, he loaded his thin arms with assorted wood. He had a job to do and he was all business. He pulled open the screen door with one finger, halted himself and scuffed his bare feet carefully on the doormat, and went past her toward the living-room.

He said cheerily over his shoulder, "Don't you fret about this ol' fireplace. I'll git you warm while you're closin' the door. Mr. Williegoode said you was city folks, and the pore things, he said, was always ignorant."

She followed him in her confusion. Jock came to his feet. She saw the look in his eyes. She saw the boy's eyes, too. They were incredulous, filled with awe and joy. He dropped the wood on the hearth.

Inch by inch, he approached the dog. Jock took a quick step forward, and in an instant the boy was on his knees, his arm round the shaggy shoulders, his face buried in the soft long fur.

They stayed so for long moments. Then the boy's hand began stroking, gently, gently, and Jock gave a sudden little bark of happiness. The boy stood up, his hand on Jock's neck.

He said, "This is the most beautiful dog in the world." His voice dropped to a whisper. "And he likes me."

Jock's tail was a waving banner. Helen fled to the bedroom and shut the door and threw herself on the bed. Her sobs did not reach the enchanted pair before the fireplace.

After a time, the boy spoke gravely. "Got to do my work, feller. Then mebbe we can talk and frolic."

He laid a fire skilfully. With his pocketknife he cut alivers of wood for kindling. Over them he placed small sticks, then sizable logs. One match set the pile roaring.

When he was satisfied that the fire was burning properly, he placed the fire screen in front of it, tiptoed to the kitchen for the broom and brushed up the hearth. He stroked Jock, and looked about anxiously.

"Miss Lady!" he called. "Miss Lady!"

There was no answer. He frowned, puzzled, then his face lightened.

"She's agettin' dressed," he told Jock. "That wan't a dress she had on. 'Twas a—I know—a kimony."

He went with assurance to his sled and shaved more kindling, brought in small wood and started the kitchen range, adjusting the dampers. He lit a fire in the small stove that, he knew, made hot

water. Jock was close on his heels. Jerry filled the wood box by the range and handed Jock a stick to carry in. Jock watched him knowingly, and deposited his stick in the wood box. Jerry danced round him.

"I knowed you was smart!" he crowed. "I knowed just what kind of dog you was, minute I saw you!"

Jock was immensely pleased with himself and pushed open the screen door to fetch another stick of wood. The load was now down to one sizable log, and he tussled with it futilely. The boy laughed out loud.

"Don't never tackle more'n you can handle," he told him, and brought in the log, held low, so that Jock could pretend to carry one end of it.

The fires popped and crackled, and warmth was filling the house.

Jerry said, "I shore don't want her thinkin' I'm biggity, but havin' coffee ready couldn't make anybody mad, could it?"

Jock agreed that it could not. Whistling almost silently, Jerry



Another instalment of this absorbing serial... Helen and Jock make a friend.

"Why, he's hungry as me," Jerry said, and broke off a generous portion of the bread.

found the coffee-pot. There was no coffee to be found. He spotted the milk and cream bottles on the kitchen table.

"Can put them in the icebox, anyways," he remarked, and as he opened the door the first object in sight was the bag of coffee.

He measured the coffee expertly and added water, and set the pot on the front of the range. He listened for sounds from the mysterious lady.

Then he went outside with Jock, into the shed for the axe he knew was there, and went to work splitting up the heavy wood blocks.

Helen Jackson gathered herself together. She went to the bathroom to bathe her face. She had turned on the hot-water tap, and to her surprise it ran warm. She turned on the bath water, and after a moment it ran hot and steaming.

She said, "Well!" and slipped out

of the negligee and the nightgown to accept the unexpected bounty.

When she opened her door into the living-room, the cottage was deliciously warm. There were several small logs on the hearth, and she added them to the fire.

In the cosy kitchen, the coffee-pot had been moved to the back of the stove. She sniffed the aroma gratefully. An old-fashioned toaster had been laid to one side of the range.

She made buttered toast, and found that Mr. Williegoode had included a comb of mountain sourwood honey in her supplies. The cream was thick and yellow. Breakfast on a standing tray by the fireplace was delicious.

The coffee was strong and good. She poured a third cup. She leaned her head comfortably against the back of the wing chair.

She realised that she no longer

heard the sound of chopping. Instead, there was a dull thumping. And where was Jock?

"Jock!" she called.

The kitchen door opened. The boy's gay, impish face peered itself inside, rosy now from the hard work in the crisp air. Jock was trotting proudly back and forth with a dragging stick in his mouth.

Jerry said, "He's so proud to find he can tote, I can't hardly stop him." He dusted his hands on his overalls. "I can't exactly figger the time"—he squinted at the mounting sun—"but I better go now. I can chop some more to-morrow."

"I'll pay you now for what you've done," Helen said hastily. "But I'm sure I'll need a man or a larger boy."

She went to her purse. When she returned, he was clutching Jock desperately.

"Please, Miss Lady, come see if they's enough wood to last you. Please come see."

Please turn to page 10

BEAUTY IS NOT LUCK . . .



make BEAUTY yours with
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cosmetics

When a black cat crosses your path you hope something lovely will happen. But when Cashmere Bouquet comes your way you can be sure that something lovely *has* happened. Here are cosmetics planned for beauty. Face Powder that clings devotedly . . . Lipstick to highlight your mouth . . . Rouge for cheeks and Talc to give you fragrance.



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TALC



ROUGE



LIPSTICK



FACE POWDER

MYRA'S house was looking its best. The clear sunlight emphasised its space and the perfection of its furnishings.

She paused to admire the bright kitchen as she came to ask Jessie for more coffee. "My home is beautiful to-day isn't it," she said.

Often she used the word "My" and it stood out among the other words in the sentence, a two-lettered figure of ugliness, wreathed in a false charm made by the softness of her voice and the gay disparaging way she spoke.

"I'm going to my own room now," she said. "I'm expecting a telephone call, so let me know if I'm wanted." Myra had a special room of her own.

Now, as she entered it, she found it as woven with the morning light as the kitchen below it. She closed the door silently, as if she kept a tryst with a secret companion. And it was true, she did—with herself of the long past years when such a place had been dream and improbability.

She went to her desk, lifted the solid black and gold pen from its holder. She had to list the many things that were to be done to-day.

Suddenly she was frowning. She started up from her chair, sat down again, realising in her temper that Charles and Salina were already gone. One of them had been using her pen. She could always tell by the feel of something that was hers whether anyone else had been using it.

She did not, certainly did not like it—as she'd told them over and over. Her anger was so great she became impatient, wishing to chastise someone. She strode to the head of the stairs. "Jessie! Jessie!" No reply. One white mule tapped. "Jesseeee!"

The kitchen door opened. "Yes, Miss Simms." Jessie appeared below, her thin face upturned, her hands wiping suds on her apron. "Did you, by any chance, use the pen in my room?"

Jessie squinted up. "Yes um."

"But, Jessie, you know!"

"Yes, ma'am. But a gentleman called for Mr. Simms an' wanted to leave a message, an' I had no pencil."

"You know I don't like anyone using my pen."

"Yes, ma'am, I know. But I had no pencil."

The mule tapped again. "There should always be a pencil on the phone table."

Jessie nodded. There was no expression on her upturned face. Myra strode back to her room. She slammed the door this time.

She sat at her desk, composure slowly returned. Her arms were laid on the polished wood, and she leaned slightly forward. Everything, she noted, was beautifully clean and spruce. She felt suddenly ashamed, and she stood up, pushing back the chair, and ran down the stairs to the kitchen. The gaunt figure was bent over the sink. Myra stood beside her. "There's a lot of fools in this world, Jessie. Sometimes I can be one of them. I'm sorry."

"It's all right, Miss Simms," said Jessie. "I understand."

Back in her room, Myra took up the pen once more. She did not write immediately. After all, it was ridiculous to get angry. But she just couldn't help being angry at times, even over trifles like the use of the pen. She seemed to be the only one in the house who respected the property of others, and, in turn, expected them to respect hers.

She began to list the things to be accomplished for the day.

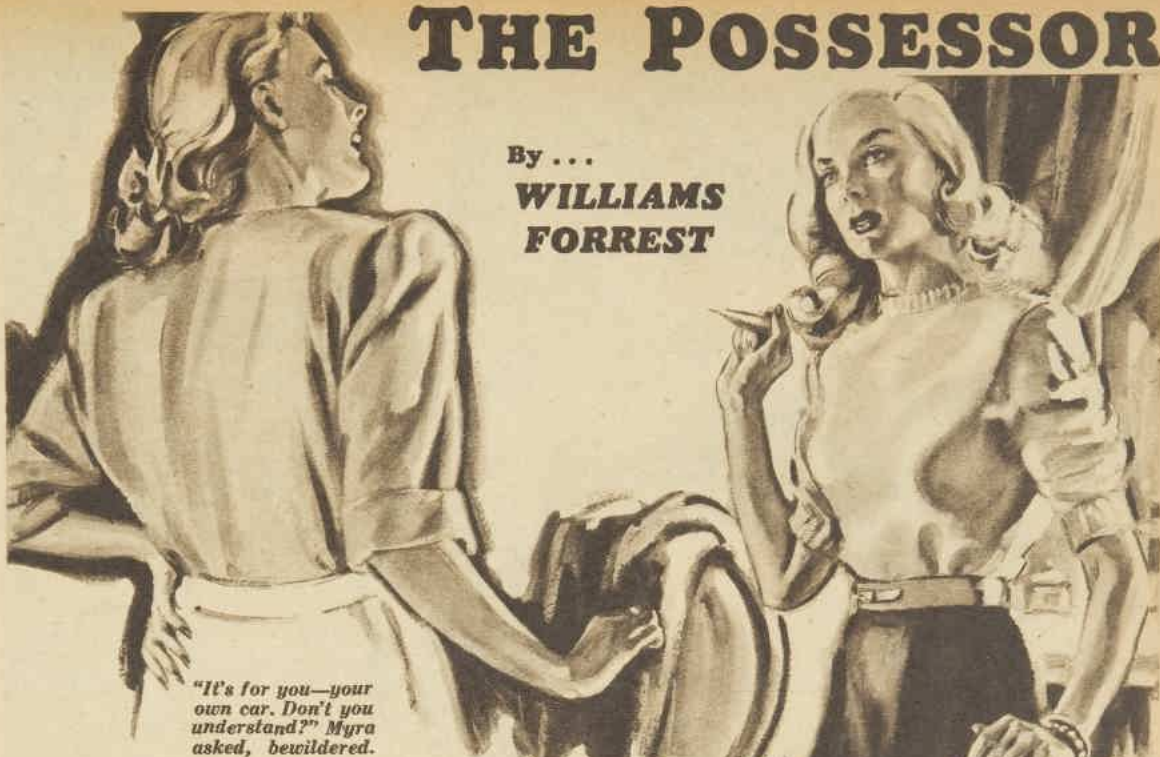
Hairdresser.

See if John could get the ham for Friday.

Call the Blanes about supper date in town.

Check on Salina's car.

She paused. Her eyes lifted to the small panes. It was right, no matter what Charles said, that Salina should have a large and important possession of her own. It was necessary now; she was old enough. Salina's disregard for things had of late become far too flagrant—and when she owned something like a



THE POSSESSOR

By ...

**WILLIAMS
FORREST**

car, completely, her spoiled lack of possessive discipline would die. Some time ago she and Charles had had a conclusive argument on the subject.

When she told Charles, strangely his head bowed too. At length he said, "I don't think there's any hurry about it."

"Well, I do. Any girl of her age would be thrilled to death," said Myra. "And it will be her very own. And firmly, 'In her name!'"

"I—well, I don't think Salina needs a car yet. She's allowed to use ours."

"But it doesn't belong to her!" Charles certainly did not understand the difference. He must still be thinking of Salina as a child.

"Salina," he said, with seeming difficulty, "doesn't feel the need of owning things."

Myra stared at him. "When she learns values, she'll be much better off. I know the way I'd feel if I were she. And I can't believe I'm different—unusual. I know that I'm not."

"I'd advise you not to get the car for her," he said. "It'll be much better if you just allow Salina to go her way."

"But you see why I want—"

CHARLES squeezed her hand, and spoke before she finished. His eyes were like Salina's, but a warmth lived in them when he looked at her. "I understand you, darling. But you might be hurt if you buy a car for Salina."

"Hurt?" What could he mean?

He stroked her hand. "Will you do what I say?"

She shook her head. "I think it's necessary. I want to do it. You—you know what things were like for me. I want them different for her."

He put his face against her hair. He spoke softly, "I know, darling. I love you so much. I've always wanted you to have everything you wanted. I've lived for that—because your happiness is mine. That's why I don't want to see you hurt, darling."

She twisted her head to one side to look up at him. "I don't know what you mean, Charles."

He said nothing. His face was sad somehow. His arm dropped around her shoulders. Then, firmly, he said something that puzzled her even more.

"Perhaps—after all these years—it's time to learn. Perhaps it was all wrong, although I didn't think so. Get the car for her, Myra."

Within a few days the strange

words and manner of Charles were forgotten. Myra made all the arrangements for the car, and found pleasure in projecting herself into the happiness she was sure Salina would feel.

She thought again about the way she herself would have felt if she had had a possession of which to be proud when she was young. And with the thoughts came memory—none the less sharp and poignant because years had passed.

She remembered the poverty of her childhood, her shabby clothes, and most vivid of all her first meeting at seventeen with a shy boy whose later invitation to dinner she had been unable to accept, because of her clothes.

The boy passed out of her life. Months later, after she had a job and bought a decent frock, she met him again, accidentally, and, plucking up courage, she had said, "You—you asked me to dinner—I am able to go."

Charles should surely realise the value of possessions. If it hadn't been for the blue dress they might never have married. And if Charles hadn't dedicated himself to earning things for her, he, without doubt, would not have become the owner of his own business.

She thought about this as she propped the car's bill of sale against the dresser mirror in Salina's room. The sports coupe had arrived at ten in the morning. Salina had been sent on a message and the car placed in the garage.

All through lunch Myra had difficulty stopping herself from blurting out the surprise. It would be much better to let Salina go to her room and find the bill of sale. What would her face be like when she dashed from the room, the light in her hand? Myra pictured herself as a young girl, walking into her bedroom on a cheerful Saturday and finding she was the owner of a car.

The coffee finished, Myra lighted a cigarette and sat there looking from the window. Salina said, "Will you excuse me, mother?"

Myra said, "Doing anything special this afternoon?"

"Oh, I'm going to drop over and see Beth. We might drift downtown."

"All right, darling." Myra's eyes followed the slender shape as Salina left the room. The cigarette was forgotten in her fingers; she listened to the rapid steps going upstairs. She wanted to miss nothing.

She waited. There was no sound.

What could the girl be doing? It was practically impossible not to see that paper on the dressing-table. Myra smoked another cigarette, and then went upstairs.

Salina was aimlessly throwing a dart at her dart-board.

Myra looked quickly at the dressing-table. The paper was no longer propped up, but lying flat. Salina had seen it. Disappointment was a dull river inside her.

"You—you saw the—"

Salina nodded, averted her eyes.

"It's in the garage, Salina," she said. "Don't you care?"

Salina did not answer. Myra stared at her. The averted face, the immobility of her body. Myra felt a mysterious distance open between her and her daughter. What was wrong? And then she knew the distance had been there, purposely disregarded, for quite a while.

"What is wrong?" Myra asked. She was completely bewildered. And in spite of herself her voice grated. "Don't you understand? It's your own—your very own. You can do with it whatever you like. It's yours!" No stronger words could be used to anyone.

Salina turned, the dart still in her hand, and said bitterly: "Oh, mother, don't!"

Myra flinched. "What is wrong with you?" she asked. "Any other girl would be in ecstasies."

"Yes! Any girl would be happy. I would be happy. But not this way—not the . . ." she broke off, her fists unclenched, and again she turned away.

Myra, in agitation, went up behind her. "Salina," she said, in a voice gone low and husky, "you were going to say something . . . finish it. I'm not afraid, whatever it is."

"I can't. It's just that . . . I—I can't hurt you, mother. It's . . . a way I feel, and I can't help it. It's . . ."

Myra put her hands on the girl's shoulders. "Darling," she said, "tell me what's the matter. I—I was so happy. I can't understand."

Salina turned, suddenly put her head beside her mother's, and gripped her with her arms. Myra felt the tears come down her cheek from Salina's. And with their touch a strange emotion came to her.

"I can't talk to you about it," Salina blurted. "I can't, mother. Sometimes, I know, I act mean—like now. But I can't say why. Not now . . . please let me alone." She pulled away and lay face down on her bed, her arms crossed under her head.

Myra stood there a long time. Salina did not move.

Please turn to page 13

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THE STRANGER

By VELIA ERCOLE

DR. REGAN came out of the improvised dressing-station in the railway waiting-room and glanced at the gangs of workmen clearing the train wreckage. Well, it was all their show now, he thought. His job, and that of his colleagues, was done, with the last of the injured attended to.

He looked at the girl sitting quietly on a packing-case, her bared head drooping. He remembered that she had given him a cup of coffee and a sandwich during the night. She had not spoken, and moved about quietly, helping where possible.

On impulse, Dr. Regan went over to her now, picking his way through the piled glass and debris. He wondered what she was doing there. She seemed to have no part and little interest in the scene, and her expression of disinterest did not change when Max Regan stopped in front of her.

"Hello," he said. "I noticed you sitting there. I thought I'd like to say thanks for the coffee and the sandwich."

The girl looked at him blankly for a moment, and said, "Oh, yes."

"You ought to sign off now and go home and rest. This isn't a very pretty spectacle," he said gently.

"I'm waiting for a bus. They are running relief buses to Granton."

"Do you come from Granton?" That was Dr. Regan's own town, ten miles away.

"No."

She spoke curtly, and, taking a cigarette from her case, began to click a lighter which would not work.

To blazes with you, then, Max Regan thought. He was as tired as she was, and the circumstances did not justify his being put in his place by this tone of voice. However, he lighted her cigarette.

"Thanks," she said, and smiled, in time to prevent Max from leaving her as he had intended. Then she said more graciously, "I'm sorry if I snapped your head off. Being in a train smash has a bad effect on my manners."

"You're all right, aren't you?"

"Quite all right. My carriage got nothing but the bump. I was in the express."

"All the same, you should have spent a quieter time than you did. It has been a shock."

"I don't shock easily," she said. "I spent most of the war on a gun site."

He said rather irritably, "Even so, you should get some sleep now."

"I can't do that. I'm taking a train at Granton. That's the junction, isn't it?"

Max shrugged. "Well, you know your own business best." He spoke sharply and she smiled again.

"Now who's being snappy?" she said, and suddenly tears rolled down her pale cheeks.

"Oh!" she gasped, and after a moment's indecision Max said, "The sooner you get away from here the better. Come on. I'll take you to Granton. I have my car outside."

He picked up the small holdall, and, taking her arm, he led her across the debris and out to the station yard.

"I'm Dr. Regan," he said. "Max Regan." She was crying quietly now and made no reply, so that he was not sure if she heard him. She got into the car without asking any questions, but after a while she told him her name was Frances Mahoney and that she was ashamed of herself for having made such a fuss. "I do hope Granton is not out of your way. You must be as tired as I am."

"I live in Granton, so you're no trouble. I assure you. Feeling better now?"

"Uh-huh. I don't usually make such a fool of myself. But it was all—dreadful." Her breath caught on a gasping sob.

"Horrible," Max said shortly. He had no intention of talking of the night just passed, but before a suitable subject presented itself the girl

said: "But I've been through worse. I must be losing my grip. I thought I was hardened to such scenes."

"You'd be an unpleasant person if you were," Max said. "To be calm in an emergency does not mean one must have no capacity for feeling."

The girl had made no answer to his remark, and he had forgotten it when she said abruptly: "I think it's best not to feel too much. Feeling gets one too involved."

He thought she referred to something in her personal experience, and his curiosity was aroused. He said: "Feeling or no feeling, one gets involved in difficulties. The hard and ruthless are just as liable to make a mess of things as those swayed by emotion."

"Don't you think we have any control over what happens to us?"

"Up to a point. But within limitations."

She said with some energy: "I don't like that way of looking at life. I believe in action . . . in making things happen."

"Do you?" He glanced sideways at the firm chin, the tumble of red hair, and fell silent. They covered a mile or so and he noticed she had taken out a powder compact. He turned, smiling, when she completed her make-up. "That's a good sign. You're perking up. I was wondering when you'd begin to think your nose might be shiny."

"Yes, I feel better now. I'm even feeling hungry."

"We'll attend to that in Granton."

"Oh, please," she said quickly.

"You mustn't feel you have to take charge of me. There'll be a buffet at the station."

"Where are you bound for?"

"Midford. It's on a branch line from Granton."

MAX REGAN sighed. "It's a tedious journey. Not far across country, but the train ambles all round the world and you have another change," he said.

"I knew I had to change."

Max glanced down at her and smiled. "You sound a most casual traveller. Didn't you check the connections for this out-of-the-way spot?"

"I suppose I didn't. I just decided to go . . . and there was a train leaving at one-forty-five, and I caught it."

"Deciding to make something happen?" he said, glancing at her.

"Possibly," the girl said, frigidly.

After a momentary annoyance Frances had ceased to think about the stranger beside her. Her thoughts, impelled by his words, were on her own problems.

I've been a fool, she thought. I should have played about like the other girls. I was too vulnerable, because I was too alone. He just walked in the door and into my heart because it was empty.

It had been a mistake to stay in last night. She should have gone to a show, or visited friends. Not stayed alone, working herself up to such a pitch. Derek had told her so. He disliked the little room that was her home, and had looked round it with distaste. Then with that intense gaze which she found so hard to resist, he had said: "But it will only be temporary. Very temporary, darling. Whatever happens. Whatever Margaret decides, you are coming to me. Sooner or later. And I have a feeling it must be sooner. We have wasted so many months. Stupid, wasted months."

A bump brought her back to the present. She said: "Are we nearly there? We seem to have come a long way."

"Almost, and I have a suggestion to make. You aren't expected at . . . wherever you are going, so no one will be worrying about you?"

"No. I'm not expected."

"Then will you come to my home? You won't get a train to Midford until eleven-forty, and the hotel will be crammed, I imagine. I can



give you a breakfast of sorts, and my mother will make you most welcome."

"You are very kind. But I can't possibly impose on you like that, at this hour of the morning."

"It's no imposition. My mother is an invalid. She'll want to hear all about this accident, and she loves new faces. You'll be doing me a favor . . . I'm a busy man."

It was lame, and after a second he smiled back into her smiling eyes. "Well, just say I like playing knight-errant to redheads."

FOR the first time she really looked at him. His grey eyes, bright with fatigue, were keen. They would see a lot. They had seen a good deal of her, she thought. Too much to be comfortable. But his mouth was kind. He would be tolerant of what he saw. "Well . . . it would be a relief to be . . . somewhere quiet to pull myself together," she replied. "That's fine. Even though my house is not very well run at the moment, it will be better than the hotel."

Max let Frances into the front hall. He said wryly, "I don't know if this was such a good idea."

"It was a very good idea," Frances said with a feeling of warmth. "That is, if I'm not a nuisance."

"You ought to go home and rest. This isn't a very pretty spectacle," Max told her gently.

"You're not. Come in here." He led her into a sitting-room which had obviously not been swept that morning. There was no fire laid, and, making an exasperated sound, Max invited the girl to sit down, and with an apologetic air said: "I should have known better than to ask you here like this, at this hour. My mother, as I told you, is an invalid, and my servant is not very competent. Just rest there and I'll be back in a minute."

Max was not long, and when he returned Frances was lying back in the chair with her eyes closed. For a moment he looked at her, a queer expression on his face, then he came forward and said gently: "I wish you could have a good sleep, but if you really must catch the eleven-forty a bath and breakfast would do you more good."

She sprang to her feet, slightly embarrassed. "A bath . . . that sounds wonderful."

She followed him along the landing, and at an opened door he said, "You can brush up in here. It's the spare room and rather dusty, I'm afraid."

"Please, please don't apologise, or you'll make me feel sorry I came."

He grinned. "Aren't you sorry

already? What a house! This woman has only been here a fortnight. I'd send her packing, but one has such difficulty in getting anybody nowadays."

With a despairing little lift of his hand he indicated the room's inadequacy and went away.

Frances found the bathroom and ran a bath. She slid into the hot water gratefully, and, completely relaxed, she was almost falling asleep when the sound of something being dragged along the floor of the landing and down the stairs aroused her. There was the sound, too, of raised voices, the slam of a door, and then silence.

The house seemed deserted when she came downstairs, and she stood indifferently in the dusty hall until a door, which apparently shut off the kitchen quarters, was thrust open and Max appeared, carrying a tray from which rose an appetising smell of hot food. His hair was more rumpled than ever, and the night's growth of beard was plain on his clear skin. He was furious. But not with Frances. He said: "Did you hear the rumpus?"

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HELEN stepped outside reluctantly. An astonishing amount of wood had been cut and sorted into piles according to size. She said, against her will, "But you've done as much as a man. This is a splendid pile."

His smile flashed and his world was bright. He swooped down on the wood and gathered up an armful. "I'll tote some in for you. If I'm late, they won't be cross when I tell them."

He filled the box in the kitchen and the large wood basket at the side of the hearth. Then he said shyly, "Would it please you if I was to show you 'bout makin' a fire?"

"Yes. Yes, please do. I'm sure from now on I can manage alone."

He ignored the implication. "It's the same for both stoves and the hearth fire," he said. "You take a little ol' pile o' shavin's, then some o' this size, then big pieces. You belong to turn the damper on the stove thisaway; then, when the fire's arcaarin' good, you turn the damper down. So."

"I see. It seems perfectly easy."

"Nothin' to it."

His glance fell on the comb of honey, but though he looked away instantly, his hunger was unmistakable.

Again she spoke against her will. She said, "Won't you have some toast and honey before you go?"

"I'd not disfigure you. I had my breakfast." But he licked his lips. She was borne on a wave over which she had no control.

"Nonsense," she said. "I know a— a growing boy can always eat a little more."

She buttered two slices thickly and cut slabs of honey to lay across them, and poured him a glass of milk. He ate with gusto. Jock sat on his haunches, watching eagerly.

Jerry said, "Why, he's hungry as me," and broke off a generous portion.

Helen said, "Why, a dog won't eat bread and honey," and Jock had wolfed it before she finished speaking.

"I never heard of such a thing," she said.

He said gravely, "Tain't the bread and honey. He likes it 'cause it's mine." He added quickly and politely: "Yours and mine."

Helen drew a dollar bill from her purse and held it out to him. She said, "Thank you very much."

He put his hands behind his back. He said, "That's too much for the little piece of work I done. The President don't make that much, I reckon."

"But I insist. What would I have done without you?"

His smile was unbearable. He said, "I can come to-morrow? I can help you? I'll be here soon in the mornin'." And, Miss Lady, you had the ice-box all shut up, and no ice in it. You can get ice from Mr. Willigoodie."

Helen said dryly: "Mr. Willigoodie seems to have everything."

She held out the dollar bill again, and this time he accepted it.

"This'll pay me for a long ways ahead," he said. "I'd not take it till I've earned it, but I got some buyin' to do. To-morrow I'll split a heap of kindlin'. You'll need kindlin' and medium wood and logs and back logs."

He gave Jock a hug, and the dog licked his ear. Jerry said, "Fare you well, Miss Lady."

Helen said stiffly, "My name is Mrs. Jackson."

He nodded. "Mis' Jackson." He looked at the dog, questioningly. Helen was braced against speaking further, against admitting him to intimacy, even to giving him the dog's name. The blue-grey eyes could not be denied.

She said, "His name is Jock."

"Jock. That's a fine name for callin', Jock." His smile flashed. "Jock and Jerry," he said. "We go together, don't we?"

Mountain Prelude

Continued from page 5

Helen turned away abruptly. The boy bounded off, and was around the house and up the road before she noticed that Jock was following him. She called the dog back sharply, and shut the door against the boy and the world.

She said to Jock ingratiatingly, "We can't let any ragged mountain boy upset us, Jock. That's all he is. Don't be foolish."

With the early June day ahead of her, washing the breakfast dishes, brushing up the cottage and making the bed were pleasant tasks. As the sun grew higher, the place needed no further fire, and she went to the garden, picked wistaria and late violets, and arranged them inside the cottage.

The day seemed long. She looked at her wrist-watch several times.

In the afternoon she said to Jock, "Come on, we'll drive down to the store for ice."

Jock leaned from his window in the car. Life held interest for him, and hope, and he barked in excitement when a grey squirrel whisked up an oak tree by the road.

The car drove up to the store. Helen went in. Two women were there, making purchases.

Helen said cordially, "Good afternoon!"

The women ignored her. They spoke together in low voices, paid for their parcels, stuffed them in their pokes, and passed her without speaking.

She said to Mr. Willigoodie, "Don't the mountain people speak to strangers?"

He said, "Not to them as runs off their young 'uns."

"You mean when I sent them away from the car yesterday, I'm sorry. I just can't—I just can't stand children around me."

"Well, ma'am, they's a heap of young'uns in the world. You'll be hard put to it to keep away from 'em." He looked over his spectacles. "You run off the boy I sent you?"

"No, I didn't. He's an unusually good worker, isn't he?"

"You'll get your money's worth, a'right."

"He's—he's very nice, too. Very helpful. And thank you for thinking of the milk and cream."

"Well, I got a hog to butcher. You come for something or just get lonesome?"

"Oh, no, I'm not at all lonesome. A piece of ice, no larger than you think I can lift." She produced the poke and spoke proudly, "I brought my poke to carry it in."

"The ladies round here generally gets a hundred pound, but I reckon I best try you out on twenty-five."

There you go."

She lingered. "I see you have the post office here, too."

"Yessum, and the only telephone for thirty mile. You want to write your folks or telephone them?"

"I don't have any family."

"That's easily remedied, one way or another. Excuse me now. I promised Mis' Golightly pork chops for her supper."

"I should write some letters. Have you got any writing paper?"

"Had some last Christmas, if it ain't all gone. And I can find it."

He rummaged in boxes of tarnished tinsel and paper Christmas-bells and emerged triumphantly with a pad of ruled paper and some cheap envelopes.

"Got most anything you can think of," he said. "Keep a good stock, if I do say so."

"Thank you . . . Mr. Willigoodie, that boy . . . Jerry. He has awfully nice manners."

"Surprise you? When we raise young'uns in the mountains we raise 'em right. They learn manners no matter where they live. Or how."

She said demurely, "What about your manners, Mr. Willigoodie? Didn't you tell him I was ignorant?"

"Well, ain't you? The truth's got nothin' to do with politeness."

She laughed. "You're perfectly right. And please tell those ladies . . . I'm sorry I was rude to the children."

"Harm's done now. If you aim to stay a spell with us, you'll be obliged to fix it up the best you can."

She nodded and walked away. He called after her, relenting, "I do business, pay and tote, but you can charge if you like. Reckon you won't walk off 'thout payin'."

"Thank you."

She drove home up the steep, rough road. The block of ice was difficult to lift into the box.

She said, "Most of the ladies tote a hundred pounds, now you put this ice in," and managed it.

For reasons that she could not explain, she wrote on the shabby paper to her doctor, her housekeeper, and her concert manager. To the latter she said:

"Dear Arthur Norton, I've picked myself up by my bootstraps and have stopped off for a month in a remote mountain cottage. I'm trying to behave, but not doing very well. I've already offended some of the local matrons."

"There's a very good baby-grand piano here, surprisingly in tune, and I may try it out. But it will be a long time before I can really play again, and I know I shan't compose any more."

"If you hear of a good concert within a hundred miles of here—you'll have to look me up on the map—send me a wire. No, you can't wire. But you can phone me in care of Mr. Willie B. Willigoodie at Brushy Gap."

"I remember, now, your letters and flowers. You'll understand. I haven't been able to write anyone."

"Helen Morley Jackson."

"P.S.—There's an unusually nice mountain boy here who helps me."

She felt better, and did not realise that she had written the letters because it was obscurely necessary to mention the boy.

There were still coals in the kitchen range and she cooked a quite edible hot supper. The hearth fire caught quickly, too. She had forgotten the mysterious oil lamp.

"I must remember to have Jerry show me how these work," she said to Jock. "I hate to have him know how stupid I am."

She grew sleepy in the mountain air and went to bed early.

Jock was warm to-night, curled up close to the warmth of the hearth.

Helen was awakened in the morning by the steady sound of wood being chopped. The blows were rhythmic, and she dozed off again. When she woke again, there was silence and the sun was high.

She jumped out of bed.

"Haven't slept like that in years. M-m-m-m. Oh, that fire; have to get it going for a bath."

But when she put on her negligee and went out of the bedroom, a fire was blazing on the hearth, the range and the water were hot, and coffee was ready.

"The fairies? No, Jerry. Oh, Jock, where are you?" Jock was not in sight or within calling. She frowned. "He never has gone away before. Well, I'm hungry."

She made toast and boiled an egg, which proved all but hard-boiled when she opened it. She ate her breakfast by the hearth fire before dressing. She was just dressed when she heard the music.

The tune was a plaintive melody that was sad and sweet and gay, all at the same time. It tore at her heart-strings, and went deep into her musician's soul. She went to the door and opened it and looked out.

Please turn to page 13

All characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

FOR THE CHILDREN

by TIM



CANINE CHAMPIONS

● Pedigree dogs on this page were photographed in natural surroundings at homes in or near Sydney, and include one of the first groups of King Charles Spaniels brought here from England. Our splendid cover dog is Prince of Rutherglen, owned by Mrs. E. W. Roberts, Kingsford, Sydney.



● Tan-and-white champion Pekingese Tunie, owned by Mrs. Fordyce Wheeler, of Double Bay, has a strong artistic sense as well as impressive pedigree. Tunie chose this lovely hand-made mat as her favorite spot, spends most of her time curled up on it.



● Sturdy build of these pedigree bulldogs, Koorong and Goolwas Golden Boy, owned by Messrs. Hull and Kerr, has won them many prizes in shows. With strong jaws like theirs, they can afford to smile. They are actually very gentle.

● These four rare King Charles Spaniels—from left, Noel, So So, Susan, and Lulu—were imported from Rowley's Kennels, England, by Mr. and Mrs. Binns for stud purposes. Similar to Pokes, but with black, tan, white markings.



● Handsome black-marked King Charles Spaniel Noel, imported from England by Mr. and Mrs. S. L. Binns, of Gosford, N.S.W., has reason for giving himself airs. He starred with David Niven in "Bonnie Prince Charlie." Type was first bred in Charles I's reign.



Miss Evie Hayes

brilliant Star of the J. C. Williamson

smash hit, "Annie get your Gun", says . . .

"Smart clothes and Chocolate
must have plenty
of snap!"



Miss Hayes

—best-dressed lady of the Australian stage today—poses for us in her favourite afternoon hat—an American model black stiffened taffeta "Picture hat" trimmed with shoulder length mesh veiling.



"There's always a block or two of Small's Club Chocolate on my dressing room table," says dynamic Miss Evie Hayes.

"My dresser sees to that. 'Here's where I get a lift,' say I, as I snap a piece off. And that snap is as snappy as the songs in the show. I'm convinced after enjoying Small's Club Chocolate that the louder the Snap the better the chocolate—Small's proves that!"



Isn't she beautiful?

But you never can tell about women. Small's Club Chocolate was made especially for men—not so sweet. But can we men keep it to ourselves? Not a hope. The ladies like it just as much as we do.

Small's make Great Chocolate

JERRY was coming down the road playing a harmonica in oblivious rapture. Jock trotted beside him, with something unidentifiable in his mouth.

Then Jerry opened his eyes, caught sight of Helen in the doorway, waved a hand to her, and gave a shrill, happy blast on his mouth organ. He galloped up to her, breathless.

"This here's what I needed the dollar for! I been yearnin' for a mouth organ all my life." He held it out for her inspection. "Totter boys let me blow on theirs, but tain't the same as your own. Now I can blow any time I feel like it."

Jock dropped his own property at her feet. It was a firm rubber ball.

Jerry said, "And I needed the money to get a ball for Jock. He's dumb foolish about totin', and the dicks is rough to his mouth." He grinned. "And I figured him and me'd play with it, too. I let him pick out the very one he fancied. He tried four."

Helen said, "Could you get both the mouth organ and the ball for a dollar?"

"Mighty nigh. I owe Mr. Willie-grode a dime more. He said didn't you pay me next month, I could work it out at the store."

"I won't be here next month, Jerry. But I'm sure I'll owe you a great deal of money if you keep doing so many things for me."

He said shyly, "I didn't know whether you'd like it, me comin' in the house and you not around."

"It was very thoughtful of you. I expect I'm spoiled, but I've been used to having my breakfast, and, oh, things like fires and hot water, ready for me when I get up in the morning, and I do like it."

He said softly, "A lady as purty as you had ought to be spoiled."

Impulsively, she reached down and ruffled his hair. Then she stiffened and went abruptly into the house. He hesitated and went to the back door. Jock picked up his ball and followed him.

Now that she had rebuffed him, Helen was afraid the boy had gone away. She called "Jerry!"

"Here I be!"

"I thought you would come in the front door."

"Oh, no, 'm. I wasn't invited."

She wanted to tell him to come into her house by either door at any time, to come, to come, and she could not speak.

He said, "On account of it's Saturday, they said I could bring Jock home to you. He follered me."

Mountain Prelude

Continued from page 10

"Yes, I missed him. I thought he'd probably gone with you."

He said anxiously, "Miss Lady, I'd not tell him off away from you apurpose."

"I'm sure you wouldn't. Jerry, tell me, what is the tune you were playing?"

"I don't know the name, Miss Lady. I've always known it. It come to me when I was awakin' down to you. There's tunes suits people, and 'peared to me this un suits you. Did it pleasure you?"

"I thought it was beautiful. Will you play it for me again? Come into the living-room to the piano."



ALFRED

"There was positively no sense in coming to have your teeth examined, Alfred, if you're going to sit there and refuse to open your mouth."

Jerry took a stout stand, very straight and firm, and played his song earnestly. As the last quaint notes died away, Helen lifted the piano lid and struck a chord.

"Once again, Jerry."

This time she played it with him, improvising the accompaniment. The effect was enchanting. His eyes shone.

"That's better'n the fiddlers' contest," he said. "Your part of it, I mean."

"We did nicely together, didn't we? I never heard a lovelier melody."

He said, "Reckon you feel like me, that way. My heart's just full of tunes."

She stared out of the window over the mountains. She said, "Mine used to be." She stood up, shaking off her memories. "I've meant to ask you to show me how to light these lamps. I've had to use candles."

He lifted a lamp from its bracket and took it to the kitchen, where he gave a careful demonstration.

"A high light's good for readin'," he concluded gravely, turning the wick up, "but don't leave it smoke. A low light's nice by the bed if you're wakeful."

"I thought boys were never wakeful. I thought they slept like logs. What do you think about when you don't sleep?"

"Heap o' things. One thing mostly."

"What is it?"

He shook his head and was suddenly reticent. "Can I borrow Jock a whiles, to play ball with?"

"Jerry, are you sure you're not stealing him away from me?"

"Oh, n'm. I wouldn't do that. He's yours. It's just—well, a dog's a kind of a boy and he likes to play with boys."

"Yes," she said. "Yes, I know."

"I'll not keep him long, for I got some hoein' to do. 'Bout half a hour?"

"That's all right."

She watched them bound up the road together. Jerry tossed the new ball ahead and Jock retrieved it and returned it proudly.

She whispered to herself, "I don't know whether I can stand it. . . . Oh, nonsense. He's just a little tramp. The world's full of Jerrys."

She settled herself at the piano and played a little of the melody again, changed its key and tried a new arrangement. Her fingers halted. She dashed to the cupboards under the bookshelves and hunted among the scores.

In triumph she brought out a sheaf of music paper. She found a pencil in her purse and scrawled across the top of a sheet.

"MOUNTAIN PRELUDE"

She wrote in notes hastily, took the sheet to the piano and propped it up, struck notes and chords with one hand and wrote with the other.

Then she walked up and down the room, turning her head from side to side to catch the unrecorded, unwritten, exquisite notes of the prelude that cried for birth.

To be continued

The Possessor

Continued from page 7

IN her own room Myra lighted a cigarette, just to be doing something. The disappointment had left her and something new was in its place. It was a queer thing that replaced disappointment. It was shame, but Myra could not understand why it had come to her. Salina had made her feel it; she was innocent of its cause. She leaned her head back in the chair and closed her eyes.

At four o'clock Charles opened the door and came into the room. Myra turned to him. He sat on the dressing-table chair, folded his hands. He started to speak, but did not.

Myra parted her lips to ask him a question—to ask what was wrong. The words labored on her tongue.

"I've done something wrong, Charles. I don't know what it is."

Tenderness was in his grey eyes as he said, "I know; but it isn't only your fault. It's mine, too."

"Your fault?" Perplexed, she leaned towards him. And as she did she saw something else in him. Pain. Drawn in unmistakable lines.

"Come over here to the bed, Myra."

He took her hand and led her across the room. They sat side by side. He did not release her hand.

"A long time ago," Charles began, "I fell in love with a very beautiful girl. So much in love, that all I wanted to do in life was make her happy. And . . . I took the easy way to do it. She had been hurt, and there was sickness in her . . . a need for things. I thought I could cure that sickness by giving her everything she could ever want."

"As time went on my love got larger and larger, and the girl did become happy—and yet the sickness was still in her. Often I wanted to say something to her . . . I didn't know how to begin. It's—hard to

deliberately hurt the woman you love. You see, I was weak."

She loved him so much, and had been secure in the knowledge of his love for her. And yet, unknown to her, had been this feeling about her, carried in his heart. It was unbearable to realise. It was true that his love mattered to her above all things—and without his love, or with his love injured, nothing else could matter. It resounded in her brain—Charles had been seeing her in a manner entirely different from what she had imagined, with a taint of ugliness. Her shame took stronger form.

"And Salina?" she asked.

"I allowed you to hurt her," he said. "Salina, darling, has heard mine, yours, too often." His voice caught, and then went on again.

"She's watched you caress your possessions, she's watched the happy glow in your eyes when you looked at something that belonged to you. She's seen the growth of obsession, and it disgusted her. When she was younger, it did not impress itself so much on her . . . but in the past few years she's become desperately conscious of it."

Disgust. The word added sickness to the shame. She saw herself moving about the house, speaking to others about my house, my room, my my my.

She said, "But I'm not selfish, Charles. Perhaps I do love my things. But I wanted Salina to have her own car. I was terribly excited about it. Could a selfish person be that way?"

He circled her waist, and drew her towards him.

"I'm going to be even more cruel," he said. "It's time for it. And you'll know what I say is right, if you look into yourself."

"You're selfish even when you give, Myra. Because you don't give only for the sake of others . . . for the happiness of others, and get your joy from that. You give because you want to receive. When you wanted to get a car for Salina, it was because you were projecting yourself to her."

"You were giving the car to yourself."

The tone of his words sank into her, even more than the words themselves. His arm tightened round her, but security was no longer in it. She wanted to hide forever in a dark, far place.

"I'd like to destroy everything I have," she said. "I don't want anything!"

"You don't want to destroy things. Just put them in their places. Use them, but look beyond them."

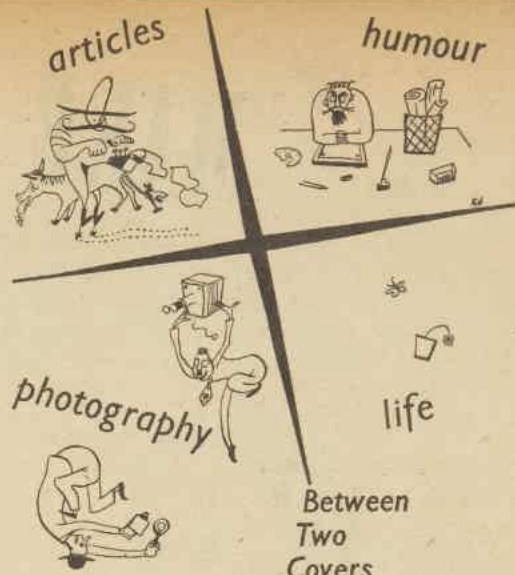
Charles took her hands from before her face. Sadness in his grey eyes faded and was gone. "It's all over. There's no reason for it to go on. You can forget—"

He tilted her face. It was hard to look into his eyes, but after she did it was easier. No ugliness lived there, but, instead, there was his love and his faith in her.

Her upturned face was like that of a child. "Will it take long? To have you look at me and not remind me of what I've been like? Salina—"

He could not help smiling at her expression. Eagerly she looked at him, waiting for his answer. His smile spread, his lips crinkled into a grin, and he was suddenly laughing down at her—a clear, gay laughter. And in quick happiness she held to him as tightly as she could. Love was the only real possession.

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T H E R E I S N O S U B S T I T U T E F O R
WOOL

Inserted by The Australian Wool Board

The Australian Women's Weekly — June 26, 1948

CLOTHES . . . by Carven

● Cheese - yellow wool makes a soft one-piece dress belted in light grey. Features of the design are the excess fullness over the hip-line, achieved with pleating, the low plunging neckline, and neat waist.

● Finished with a lace-trimmed white plique collar and matching cuffs, this one-piece dress is made of navy-and-white striped taffeta. The tailored bodice and skirt falling from a hip drape are trimmed with buttons.

● A picturesque ball gown with a bodice of green jersey and a wide floor-length skirt of green and mauve satin.

● Navy wool alpaca for a two-piece dress (left). The bustle on the jacket is repeated with effect on skirt.

● A check taffeta one-piece has a draped hipline and an all round pleated skirt. The skirt is 10in. from the ground.

The fashions on this page were designed by Carven, and photographed in Paris. Carven, youthful and imaginative, loves to create clothes for the young. Note her use of stripes, her limitless yardage for skirts, and her love of the bustle silhouette.

● White ottoman evening dress designed with a short coatee, elaborately embroidered in pearls in scroll design.



Inspiration at 10,000 feet!



How this new radio found its name in the clouds.

Funny how some people get bright ideas. We know a fellow who has to get under a hot shower before his brain will tick. But it seems one of our radio engineers had to go up to 10,000 feet to hit on this one.

It happened like this. He's on board an interstate skymaster, sitting at the window, quite literally gazing into space, when along comes the snappy little hostess with some coffee and a sandwich. "M-m—S-m-o-o-t-h" he reflects, "and very neat, good looking; nice voice too, has a soft velvety quality". "Wow! that just about sums up the new radio. Why not call it 'AIR HOSTESS'—the nation's hostess of the Air".

Well, that's how this grand new radio found a name—10,000 feet up in the clouds. We think it's a good name. It's certainly a great set, as you'll agree when you have your nearest STROMBERG-CARLSON retailer demonstrate it for you. Ask him today about the AIR HOSTESS—Australia's newest and finest mantel radio. £18/7/6

THE STROMBERG-CARLSON

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Elizabeth doesn't want to be molly-coddled

Says she must be working mother like rest of Britain's women

By
ANNE MATHESON,
of our London staff

Now that Princess Elizabeth is to have a baby in October, the happiness of the young Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh is complete.

The Royal pair are hoping it will be a boy. Princess Elizabeth's baby will be second in direct succession to the Throne.

IF it is a boy it will have the rank and style of Prince, but cannot be given the title of Prince of Wales until Elizabeth herself succeeds to the Throne.

Even then the dignity is not automatically conferred. It must be granted by the Sovereign.

The happy event was hardly secret by the time it hit the headlines.

But the announcement followed conventional lines.

Then Elizabeth broke with tradition, went to the Derby, and continued to fulfil all her public engagements.

Never before has a Royal mother-to-be continued to appear in public after the news was made known.

But Elizabeth and Philip are not hidebound by tradition.

They are going to have a baby. They are delighted. And they don't care how many share their secret.

A close friend of the Royal couple told me: "Elizabeth hopes to lead a very busy life, and sees no reason why she should hide her pregnancy. 'This is an era of working wives,' and Elizabeth considers she is one, too."

Nevertheless, Princess Elizabeth's public engagements end on June 24, when she goes to Greenwich with her husband to see him receive the freedom of that city.

After that her home and the baby she is expecting will absorb most of her time.

Doctor's orders

ELIZABETH'S doctor is 60-year-old Sir William Gillatt, who attended the Duchess of Kent for her three children. He is president of the Royal College of Obstetricians and Gynaecologists, and consulting gynaecologist to the A.T.S. He was knighted in the Birthday Honours list.

He has put Elizabeth on a diet which eliminates meat and the white of eggs, but includes lots of green vegetables, salads, milk, cheese, and farm products.

He insists that, in spite of the heavy programme she is carrying out throughout June, she shall rest in the afternoons.

So sincerely devoted is Princess Elizabeth to the claims of her public duties that she gave instructions to her secretary not to refuse any engagements without good reason.

And in the early days of her pregnancy she had a programme that was considered formidable for anyone, and certainly much too strenuous for a mother-to-be.

Again, the true character of Elizabeth was revealed when she said to a friend: "At a time when young expectant mothers are working in the factories and shops of Britain, why should I be molly-coddled?"

But Philip has been more than anxious about his wife's health.

In Paris he showed deep concern at the strenuous programme she had to fulfil, and has been constantly worried about engagements requiring her to stand for several hours at a time.

Not until her official engagements finish does Elizabeth intend to get down to the task of preparing for the arrival of her baby.

No alterations have been made at Windlesham Moor, where she will live.

It is not a house for children. There are no nurseries, so the first-born of the young Duke and Duchess will have to "make do" in rooms converted into day and night nurseries until Clarence House, their London home, is ready for occupation.

Both the Duke of Edinburgh and Princess Elizabeth would like their baby to be born in Scotland at the

house near Balmoral where they spent part of their honeymoon.

In the hope that they will have their wish, the Scots are preparing to light beacons on all the surrounding hills to announce and celebrate the baby's arrival.

But the couple themselves want the event surrounded by as little ceremony as possible.

Following tradition, of course, the Home Secretary will be present at the time of the baby's birth.

He will be the first person—apart from doctors and nurses—to see the baby.

The Home Secretary will be there on behalf of the people to see that the heir is not a "changeling."



ROYAL COUPLE at one of their many engagements during their Paris visit.

An extraordinary issue of the London Gazette will give the exact time at which the birth took place.

If the child is a boy, it is almost certain he will be given the names George Andrew Patrick David—after the patron saints of the British Isles.

There will also be the names that are the personal choice of Elizabeth and Philip.

Princess Margaret is to be asked to be a godmother, and the Royal best man, Lord Milford-Haven, is almost certain to be a godfather.

Like every other mother-to-be in Britain, Princess Elizabeth received a blue ration-book for her baby.

She has put off spending her baby coupons until her official engage-



PRINCESS ELIZABETH as godmother at the christening of Rosemary, daughter of the Hon. Mrs. Andrew Elphinstone, lady-in-waiting. In October Elizabeth will have her own baby.

ments are cancelled, and she has time to plan the layette.

However, Royal knitting needles have already been busy, and Queen Mary has knitted some of the first clothes for her first great-grandchild.

From South Africa a very lovely set of baby clothes has arrived.

They were a bit premature, arriving very early in the year, but Elizabeth and Philip had made no secret of the fact they wanted a baby, and with many smiles the layette was put aside against the event.

During her convalescence from measles, Princess Margaret started on a bootie. But neither of the Royal sisters claims to be a good needlewoman.

Elizabeth, however, wants to make some of the baby's clothes, and with the help of Queen Mary and the Queen (both of them excellent needlewomen), the Royal layette will contain many little garments made by the young mother.

Social life for the Duke and Duchess, while not as strenuous as their official programme, has not been curtailed because of the baby.

Only a few week-ends ago they had a fancy dress party for their young friends, and small house-parties continue to be a feature of week-end entertaining at Windlesham Moor.

Princess Elizabeth stopped horse-back riding some months ago.

But she is fond of walking and gardening, and the beautiful grounds of Windlesham, with its famous gardens, give plenty of scope for the outdoor life of the young chateau.

Surname of Windsor

NO special allowance will be paid to the new baby, either at birth or later on, unless Parliament votes it.

But in the event of Elizabeth predeceasing the King an additional £15,000 a year would be paid to Philip for the maintenance and upbringing of their child.

The Royal baby will not take the father's name of Mountbatten as surname, but because of the baby's place in the line of succession he or she will be a "Windsor."

In the table of precedence the Royal baby, if a boy, ranks next to

the King and before the Duke of Gloucester in the male table of precedence.

If the new baby is a girl, she will rank fifth in the table of precedence (with the style of Royal Highness).

In the ladies' table of precedence the order is: The Queen, the Queen Mother, Princess Elizabeth, Princess Margaret, then the Sovereign's granddaughter. Then come the Princess Royal, Duchess of Kent, Duchess of Gloucester, and so on down the line.

When Princess Elizabeth's baby arrives the household will be enlarged by a physician and two nurses for the baby.

It is unlikely that Princess Elizabeth will follow her mother's example and bring in a nurse from the staff of the Royal residences.

"Arla," Elizabeth's and the Queen's own nurse, is dead, and the nurse for the Royal nursery will probably be from St. Christopher's or Norwood Training School for Nurses.

Elizabeth has very definite ideas on parenthood, and neither she nor Philip is likely to complete their household with anything but the most highly trained staff.

Meanwhile Elizabeth is combining the job of wife and mother-to-be and heiress presumptive with dignity and efficiency.

THE ROYAL BABY

AN atmosphere of destiny and much formality must surround the birth of Princess Elizabeth's baby next October. But the millions of women who have followed Elizabeth's progress from babyhood with affectionate interest will not regard it as a State occasion.

There are some things in life so simple and fundamental that rank can add nothing to their significance. Childbirth is one of these.

So Elizabeth's well-wishers think of her now as a young mother-to-be, rather than as the Princess who will bear the next heir to the throne.

She was a child of only eleven when her father's accession made it necessary for her to prepare to be a queen.

Since then she has lived in the intense glare of public interest which demands of its object constant service, perpetual good humor, impeccable behaviour, every hour of the day.

She came through this test with such distinction that her romance and wedding last year were greeted by Empire-wide delight.

Some day she may wear the Crown of England, but for her and those who love her it will be a lesser occasion than the day when she assumes the crown of motherhood.

MISS RUTH BERNEY, an Englishwoman now in Australia on a six weeks' visit, has probably seen more cases of stage-fright in the past 24 years than any other living woman.

Miss Berney is head of the London Board of Examiners for the British Ballet Organisation, and her job is to examine thousands of aspiring ballerinas each year, ranging from chubby five-year-olds in the elementary grades to leggy adolescents and adults who hope to join a corps de ballet.

With a brisk, confident manner and frequent demonstrations she puts them through their paces, taking classes of a dozen or so at a time and marking them on posture, movements, ballet theory, and coordination.

In her few weeks in Australia Miss Berney has already examined 400 students, and was testing a group of six-year-olds and seven-year-olds when we called in on her recently at a Sydney studio.

They all wore the regulation short tunics and tights, and took their ballet very seriously. Some had plaits, some mops of Shirley Temple curls, while one young six-year-old had a neat plaited ballerina hair-do braided to her head.

"Now, children, I want you to show me the fifth position, with a demi-bras and two demi-tournees," came the command, and the tots swept into action with the assurance of Pavlovas.

"This age group is the easiest to examine, because they don't suffer from the self-consciousness of the adolescents," Miss Berney told us. "They'll give you whatever movement you call for without a trace of shyness or stage-fright."

"It's amazing the difficult ballet terms they pick up. Why, I've had five-year-olds who knew all about terms like 'bras-bas' (arms down), 'a la seconde' (arms at the side), 'dégagé', and all that. And it's a difficult phraseology, remember."

Miss Berney took up ballet at 14 for health reasons, was one of the youngest examiners to be appointed to the British Ballet Organisation, and examines 100 pupils a day during the examination periods in England.

Out of more than a million students examined, she has found only one top-rate dancer. She is Birmingham ballet prodigy Anne Heaton, now a rising star in the Sadler's Wells Ballet, whose career Miss Berney has followed with interest since she took her first examination.

London pianist

LONDON concert pianist Moura Lympany arrives in Australia at the end of this month on her way to New Zealand, where she will give a concert season.

Before leaving England she made a recording of Rachmaninoff's Prelude in G Minor for the Sydney Box ten-day production, "Flowers For The Living."

Later she gave a recital for members of the studio, which was attended by everyone from directors to clapper-boys. (A clapper-boy is the film equivalent of a call-boy in the theatre.)

Miss Lympany, who is travelling with her husband, Colonel Defries, will give two concerts in Sydney for the A.B.C. with the Sydney Symphony Orchestra on July 4 and 7.

WORTH Reporting



"Were we really speeding, or are you just trying to make us feel good?"

Art department

SOME time ago a young Melbourne man who dabbles in art was attracted by the appearance of a young Chinese girl dining in a cafe and began to make a rough sketch of her. She resented it and turned her back.

Later he completed the portrait in oils and knocked off a frame from an old cedar shop counter.

The picture, regarded as junk by his family, was eventually packed off to auction rooms by his mother with a collection of white elephants when they were moving to a new house recently.

The portrait, in with a bundle of oddsends, brought 5/- . A few days later the artist saw his work displayed in a Collins Street antique shop.

The dealer was reluctant about parting with it for four guineas. The picture intrigued him. He said he was curious about the unknown artist.

When the "Chinese Girl's" creator revealed his identity and demanded the return of his portrait at cost price, the dealer finally handed it over for 3/-, minus frame.

MISS EILEEN McLELLAND, of Belfast, 25 years old, has flown to Ontario to marry a man she has never seen. But she thinks she holds the record for a postal courtship. In the past two years her 34-year-old fiance has written her 500 letters.

Edwardian styles

MRS. OLIVE ALWIN, of Manly, New South Wales, who was a Court milliner in her young days in London, has sent us some interesting notes on fashions of the early part of the century as compared with those of to-day.

She lent us a copy of Queen Alexandra's Gift Book, a book of informal photographs of Royalty published in 1908 for charity. To the book Mrs. Alwin has added her own notes describing the fashions worn by the Royal ladies.

"I was an articulated pupil to Madame Valerie, of New Burlington Street, London," she told us. "She used to make lovely hats for the dress designers to match their exclusive gowns and costumes."

In her annotations to the photographs Mrs. Alwin describes how the clothes were made and the effects achieved.

We were particularly interested in her description of the Edwardian hair style as worn by Queen Alexandra.

A Court hairdresser showed her a shaped cap of the finest wire, covered with silk and hair.

"This being fine, light, and flexible," Mrs. Alwin explains, "was placed cap-wise on the undressed head."

"The front half of Her Majesty's own hair was then drawn up and hair-pinned into place on the wire cap. Then a toupee of curls with a forehead fringe was placed on top. The back hair was swept up and arranged in curls to mingle among those of the toupee curls on top, and then formed at the back of the head, high up near the crown."

"A pretty comb at the back kept it neat."

Up the ladder

FORMER Melbourne boy Alfred Penton, who is revisiting his home town as a captain of industry from the United States, takes his success easily. He says that it is a matter of becoming accustomed to responsibility gradually.

Mr. Penton left North Fitzroy State School, Victoria, at the age of 10. He "always had a head for figures," and at the age of 21 was in an accountancy job in Melbourne.

He left that to work his passage to America as a mess boy. Within a fortnight of landing there he had a job which eventually led him to a vice-presidency of the Bank of America.

Now, 30 years after leaving Melbourne, he is vice-president of Transamerica Corporation, a huge concern embracing life, fire, and automobile insurance companies, real estate, manufacturing, and finance.

Its deposits run to one billion three hundred million dollars spread through banks in five States.

Mr. Penton's recipe for success is hard work and self-reliance.

Part of his success story probably lies in his unassuming, unruffled personality.

Mr. Penton, who is accompanied by his wife, made the trip to see his 84-year-old mother, Mrs. E. E. Penton, of St. Kilda, and to make pilgrimages to boyhood haunts.

He's taking back to the States pictures of his early cottage home in Fitzroy to impress on his grandchildren that you don't have to be born with a silver spoon in your mouth to make the grade.

Cripps' teacher

ANNE MATHESON, of our London staff, recently went to see Mr. F. Matthias Alexander, whose technique of muscle-relaxing has one of its staunchest advocates in the British Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir Stafford Cripps.

Mr. Alexander, now 80 years of age, is an Australian, a former actor. Sir Stafford Cripps had his first lesson in muscle-control and relaxing before World War I, and still has a half-hour lesson every week.

Among other distinguished men who have learned the methods are Bernard Shaw, the late Lord Lytton, and Australia's W. M. Hughes.

From all over the world come pupils to find a cure for ailments as diverse as stammering, lumbago, and flat feet.

Basis of the system is: "Learn to hold your neck and spine properly and you have the key to general health."

Anne Matheson writes: "I had a lesson. Mr. Alexander took my head and moved it forward, then from side to side. 'Hold your head forward and upward and you stretch the spine into its proper place,' he said."

"That is why relaxing the neck muscles is such an important part of the technique."

"I sat in the new position and tiredness seemed to float away from me."

"Then I slumped back in the seat."

"You see," said Mr. Alexander. "You're slumped and that has a harmful influence on your general function."

"He taught me how to stand, and how to sit in a chair, upright, yet completely relaxed."

"Though he calls himself a teacher and his patients are his pupils, Mr. Alexander's house in Belgrave has all the solidity and professional air of Harley Street."

"Going for a lesson is like going to see a doctor. And when I suggested to Mr. Alexander that I would like a few photographs of his methods, he was as horrified as a Harley Street surgeon would be if I suggested dropping in on an operation with a flash lamp."

"It can't be photographed," he said. "It is a technique that has been evolved. It can't be shown in a series of easy exercises. It is an approach of the mind, a complete readjustment of values, and a knowledge of the working of the human organism."

IT SEEMS TO ME

By

Dorothy Drain

OLD VIC fever, which has spread round the coast from Perth, is now at its height in Sydney.

One quaint sidelight of the approaching season has been the management's appeal to successful applicants for tickets not to write letters of thanks.

Apparently 500 people, having paid out their good guineas, felt impelled to write and say thank you.

It seems a pity that gratitude, reputedly a rare quality, cannot always be welcome. But the management, bedevilled by chaff-bags of mail, obviously feels:

"How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is

To have a grateful audience."

Meanwhile the current influenza epidemic has made the fans apprehensive, especially as during the Melbourne season illness caused Sir Laurence's replacement on one night and Vivien Leigh's on another.

It's always regarded as a wonderful opportunity for an understudy when a mishap befalls a star. But, be the critics ever so enthusiastic, all sensitive souls will sympathise with those who substituted for the Oliviers.

The waves of disappointment from stalls to gallery must have been disheartening in the extreme.

TELL me, children, can you say

Why this week is bright and gay?

Through the gloom there shines what ray

Cheering us along the way?

Though the winds of winter fry

Temperatures for summer pray,

Pollyannas cry hooray—

We have passed the shortest day.

PRETTIEST word picture of the month was painted by Sir Earle Page, who, urging free milk instead of free medicine, said that free milk would help to achieve increased production instead of "inducing people to stand in neurotic bunches outside chemists' shops waiting for the Government dole of free medicine."

Without entering the lists for or against free medicine, I'd like Sir Earle Page to meet the woman I encountered in a train, who said that if medicine were free people would drink it like ginger beer.

If these two met, their flights of fancy would be worth listening to.

A FRIEND who has been doing some work on the electoral rolls has made an interesting discovery.

She found that dozens of male voters describe themselves as having "no occupation" or "retired." But in some thousands of names in an electorate, which is a cross section of social strata, she found only one woman with "no occupation" and not one marked "retired."

The others not employed outside the home were all labelled "home duties."

This doesn't surprise me really. But it's worth mentioning just as a reminder to any of you boys who might be reading this while the wife's washing up.

I WISH I cared about the cricket,

And knew about a sticky wicket.

I wish that thinking of a Test

Could fill my life with newer zest.

I wish that through the long night

watched

I sat up listening to the matches.

I wish I could dissect each facet

Of Bradman; Lindwall, Barnes, and Hassett—

For conversation gets SO boring

When one can never put one's ear in.



"Next time I'll meet you guys somewhere else. I nearly got killed by flyin' golf balls!"



Mandrake the Magician



MANDRAKE: Master magician, and **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, go with **COLONEL BARTON:** In search of flame-colored pearls. Also on board the yacht *Argos* is **BETTY:** His daughter. A new clue in their search for the pearls leads them to Tago Isle. Natives tell them the island is ruled by an old woman known as

THE WITCH OF TAGO: Who lives in a house on the highest peak. On the way there they see a witch's figure floating through the air, yet are admitted a few seconds later by the old witch herself. She imprisons them, and shows her powers by taking the shape of a young girl and a child. They escape, determined to solve the mystery. **NOW READ ON:**



CAUTIOUSLY, MANDRAKE APPROACHES THE WITCH'S HOUSE. HE PEERS INTO A WINDOW, "SO!" HE EXCLAIMS, MOMENTARILY SURPRISED BY WHAT HE SEES!



MANDRAKE SEES -- NOT ONE "WITCH" -- BUT ALL THREE FORMS THAT HAD APPEARED FROM BEHIND THE "ENCHANTED CURTAIN!"



AS MANDRAKE ENTERS, THERE IS TURMOIL. THE CHILD RUSHES TO THE WOMAN AND THE OLD WITCH REACHES -- NOT FOR A WAND, BUT FOR A RIFLE! "SO, YOU'VE COME BACK, EH?" SHE CRIES.



BEFORE THE WITCH CAN RAISE THE RIFLE, THE MAGICIAN GESTURES. "HYPONOTICALLY!" THE WOMAN AND CHILD SEEM TO TURN INTO A CAT AND KITTEN! "NO!" CRIES THE WITCH! -- "THEN PUT DOWN THAT RIFLE," REPLIES MANDRAKE.



MANDRAKE SNAPS HIS FINGERS. THE ILLUSION IS BROKEN, THE CATS VANISH. INSTANTLY, THE OLD WITCH GRABS HER RIFLE, POINTING IT AT MANDRAKE. AS SHE'S ABOUT TO SHOOT -- HE GESTURES AGAIN --



AND MANDRAKE'S HYPNOTIC POWER PRODUCES AN UNUSUAL ILLUSION! THE OLD WITCH SEEMS TO BE INSIDE THE MOUTH OF A GIGANTIC ANIMAL -- SHE SCREAMS IN TERROR!



AGAIN, MANDRAKE SNAPS HIS FINGERS AND THE HYPNOTIC ILLUSION IS BROKEN. "NO MORE TRICKS LIKE THAT," PLEADS THE OLD WITCH. -- "I PROMISE," REPLIES MANDRAKE. "IF YOU DON'T TRY ANY MORE TRICKS WITH THAT RIFLE! AND NOW -- WHO ARE YOU THREE?"



A STRANGE THING HAPPENS! THE OLD WITCH REMOVES HER FROWZY WIG, HER PUTTY NOSE AND CHIN! SHE SMILES, A CHARMING OLD LADY. "THIS IS MY DAUGHTER, AND THIS IS MY GRAND-DAUGHTER," SAYS THE DREADED WITCH OF TAGO!

TO BE CONTINUED

TALKING OF FILMS

By

Marjorie Beckingsale

★ ★ The Foxes of Harrow

ONE of the most useful "props" in any motion picture is a staircase.

A handy way of staging a murder is for the killer to shove his victim over the banisters.

In rescue scenes, the hero comes to grips with the villain at the top of the stairs and finishes at the bottom, bruised but victorious.

In turgid domestic dramas, most of us can remember having seen a frail and trembling wife being bullied by her brutal husband, and then tripping conveniently at the head of the stairs.

Sometimes this version results in the loss of her hope of the patter of little feet.

Just think how often a grand entrance is made at a Court Ball as crinolined beauties sweep down the stairs to the arms of their waiting swains.

I haven't forgotten what stairs can do for technicolor musicals.

In Twentieth Century-Fox's melodrama, "The Foxes of Harrow," showing at the Century, I felt I had seen the silliest stairway sequence of all time.

A precocious, tiresome small boy, playing the part of the semi-crippled son of Rex Harrison and Maureen O'Hara, stands on the stairway of their palatial Southern home.

Overhearing his mother refer bitterly to his disability, the child, overcome with shock, trips and tumbles to the bottom.

Then follows a death-bed scene which is more likely to bring tears of irritation to the eyes than produce sympathetic sniffles.

Considering the general acting in this long and most handsomely mounted production of the ripe old days in the South, Rex Harrison wins hands down.

As the illegitimate Irishman determines to found his own dynasty and family tree in America, Harrison shows his customary ease of manner.

But I'm sure if he had had his way, the character of Stephen Fox would not have been so easily rebuffed by his beautiful but absurdly stupid wife, played with wide-eyed determination by Maureen O'Hara.

★ ★ The Master of Bankdam

BRITISH studios have cause to be grateful for the services of many fine character actors.

Those of us who remember Tom Walls, who partnered Ralph Lynn so splendidly in those roaring comedies written by Ben Travers, such as "Rookery Nook," "A Cuckoo in the Nest," would not miss an opportunity to-day of seeing the comedian in any film.

With great pleasure I watched him in "The Master of Bankdam," which is showing at the Esquire.

All the old skill is there, and his famous sly twinkle remains undimmed, thank goodness.

Rending Thomas Armstrong's long novel of a Yorkshire family is no mean feat.

Largely due to the competence of Tom Walls and his contemporary Nancy Price, the J. Arthur Rank film taken from the book becomes a production of fine quality.

There is never an awkward moment when Walls is in a scene. He is so completely at home.

For this film he uses a broad Yorkshire dialect which is as natural as if it were his own.

With dundreary whiskers and a portly figure which may or may not be real, he makes the part of woollen-mill owner Simeon Crowther an object-lesson to any player.

Nancy Price as his wife shows the same sort of good timing.

Printed and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 106-114 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

Lady Florey has won fame in her own right

Wife of penicillin scientist is here to advise on research

By JOAN POWE, staff reporter

When you meet Lady Florey, wife of Sir Howard Florey, Australian scientist famous for his work on penicillin, you realise that here is a woman who has found true contentment through work. Her whole existence is dedicated to serving medicine—and her family.

Now on a six weeks' visit to Australia, Lady Florey is a small, quiet-spoken, charming woman who cheerfully announces she is 47, a year younger than Sir Howard. She is here at the special invitation of the Federal Government to advise on the medical research aspect of the Australian National University at Canberra.

HER research in the field of therapeutics (the curative branch of medicine) has won her distinction comparable with that achieved by her husband in the laboratory. But, like Sir Howard, she has no taste for fanfares, and prefers to work in an almost anonymous quiet.

Her visit is therefore being conducted with a minimum of fuss.

Few people are aware that during her time in Sydney she carried out a superhuman programme—visiting hospitals, lecturing to students, and discussing research cases—which left her practically no time for resting or sleeping. And this programme is being repeated during her visits to Canberra, Melbourne, and Adelaide.

Nor do many know that there is an exacting addition to the strenuous hospital side of her work. She is collaborating in the writing of a book on anti-biotics with the team of research experts from her husband's laboratory who worked on the development of penicillin.

[Anti-biotics are substances usually produced from living organisms. For instance, penicillin is developed from organisms which are antagonistic to many others which invade the body and cause disease.]

Sir Howard and Lady Florey share a unique husband-wife relationship.

Both started off with the same general interest in medicine, but now, as Lady Florey explains, their work is on totally different lines.

"We each work off our own bat, in quite separate fields," she says. "Sir Howard's work is not clinical, but is all done in the laboratory. With penicillin his interest was to develop an anti-biotic organism, testing it with various clinical trials to show that it did no harm."

"My job is to go round hospitals treating cases with it, and endeavoring to restore them to a state where they can earn a living and return to normal life again."

Duty to war victims

LADY FLOREY stresses that she is not a medical practitioner in the ordinary sense of the word, and has no private practice. She has a limited number of cases, and has worked on them at 14 different English hospitals since she resumed her medical work early in the war.

She shares with Sir Howard the conviction that in this troubled world their main duty lies with war victims and battle casualties, and that it is for them that their greatest medical efforts should be made.

"When my husband was working on the development of penicillin early in the war, it was always at the back of his mind that he must find some way of getting sufficient supplies for use in battle cases," Lady Florey said.

As Lady Florey talks of her medical work, you realise that to her



SIR HOWARD FLOREY, who recently visited Australia to advise on the foundation of the National University at Canberra.

the therapeutic aspect is far the most important.

"Saving a life is not enough," she says, "if you cannot restore the individual to healthy life. You must restore him to a state where he can live normally, or as nearly normally as is possible for him."

But though Lady Florey is very much the research doctor, with a doctor's intense devotion to her work, you see the affectionate, human side of her nature when she starts talking about her home at Oxford, her husband and children.

She tells you that her daughter Paquita, now 18, hopes to enter one of the colleges at Oxford and study history ("we feel there are enough doctors in the family now," Lady Florey says), but meanwhile has to wait for admission, and considers "it is very undignified that she is still at school."

Paquita, a Spanish word meaning "very small," was chosen by the Floreys as the name for their first-born because they were on their way from Spain shortly before she was born.

"We managed to get home to England in time for her to be born on English soil," Lady Florey adds.

When the war began, Sir Howard and Lady Florey were both engrossed in research work. Their children were evacuated to America, where Dr. Fulton, an American Rhodes Scholar, and his wife looked after them.



LADY FLOREY, who is on a six weeks' visit to Australia.

Their only son, Charles, was then six, and the break was felt keenly by both parents.

But despite the fact that the frequent missions to various countries by Sir Howard have interrupted their family life a little, you realise that they are a very close and united family unit.

Charles, now a 13-year-old at Rugby, is interested in all things mechanical, and amuses his parents by his schoolboy addiction to changing his name periodically.

"When he was interested in aeroplanes he was known as 'Ace,' but now it's 'Bert,' though I don't know just why," Lady Florey said.

"He has managed to distinguish himself at running, if that is a good sign. He's also mechanical to his fingertips, and we would be glad to see him become an engineer."

Conscious as she was of her keen interest in the field of medicine, Lady Florey was faced with a difficult decision when the young Howard Florey, then a South Australian Rhodes Scholar at Oxford, wrote, in 1926, asking her to come to England and marry him.

They met as medical students at Adelaide University, and Lady Florey, then Dr. Mary Ethel Hayter Reed, daughter of an Adelaide bank manager, had just been appointed to the position of superintendent of the Children's Hospital at Adelaide—the first resident woman superintendent to be appointed there.



SISTER OF BARONET, 35-year-old Marjorie Pole, who lives in Melbourne. First baronetcy of line was conferred in 1791.

She decided to go to England with, as she put it, "two strings to her bow." She had the opportunity of doing a post-graduate course in medicine, but decided instead to marry, and the post-graduate course was never done.

For ten years after her marriage her husband and family occupied her whole time. Sir Howard was becoming more and more interested in his laboratory researches, and his achievements resulted in his being appointed Professor of Pathology at Oxford, a position he still holds.

As early as 1939 he had begun work on the mysterious substance penicillin. Then came the war, with it the offer by Dr. Fulton to look after the children in America, and Lady Florey was, as she put it, "a free woman once more."

After Dunkirk she started work again at a blood transfusion centre, and when the Government took it over she turned to research work with battle casualties in hospitals.

Since 1940 she has never relaxed her medical activities, admits that she doesn't have the time for any hobbies, and thinks she is lucky if she can spend a Sunday evening listening to the radio and darning stockings.

She has an average working day in England of from 9 a.m. to 11 p.m. or midnight, and that does not always include the time she spends working on the anti-biotics textbook.

But she accepts this immense demand on her energy and resources with a good humor and calm serenity which nothing can ruffle. Because she is partially deaf she has had to wear a hearing-aid for some years, and joked mildly about it as one of her "means of identification."

She is fortunate in possessing a housekeeper and weekly charwomen to assist her in running their four-story home in Oxford, a huge, rambling building, of which, as she says, "one is glad to be able to let two stories to another family."

The Floreys, like many English families, are able to supplement their food rations to some extent.

"We work a sort of system of barter," Lady Florey says. "I buy the fowls, the tenants look after them, and I buy the eggs from them."

Though she doesn't go into many details about her own part in the smooth running of this household, you can tell that it is in its way as deeply important to her as her mission in the field of medicine.

Together they go to make up a completeness which few women are fortunate enough to attain.

New Baronet

● Pictures on this page show Australia's new baronet, Sir Peter Van Notten Pole (pronounced Pool), and his family and fiancée.

A Western Australian, he inherited the title when the fourth baronet died last month. The family estates were not entailed and will probably go to the family of the late baronet's sister.

Sir Peter is an accountant whose work takes him through the Gnowangerup and Borden districts of Western Australia.

He heard the news of his inheritance on his car radio when driving home from a party celebrating his engagement to Miss Jean Stone, of Borden.



WESTERN AUSTRALIAN Sir Peter Van Notten Pole and his fiancée, Miss Jean Stone, of Borden, W.A., playing golf shortly after Peter inherited his title. Jean is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Stone.



PETER'S MOTHER, Mrs. Marjorie Pole, and her youngest daughter, Ellen, who have just returned to Australia after three years in England. His father died shortly after he left for England with the R.A.A.F.

ROMANTIC HATS FOR OUR PARIS PARADES

★ These lovely hats are from the collection chosen in Paris by our fashion editor, Mary Hordern, to be worn with the beautiful clothes she has also selected from leading Paris fashion houses for The Australian Women's Weekly 1948 Paris Fashion Parades to be held in Sydney in August and later in other capitals.



SCHIAPARELLI'S sage-green coarse straw is made with the new brim, narrow at the back and wide in front. It is worn at an angle to give the brim a sharply upswept line.



BLANCHOT uses canary-yellow slub linen to make an unusual fabric hat. The brim turns up sharply at the back and the only trimming is a self bow, spreading across the brim.



MOLYNEUX makes a formal picture hat with flat crown by doubling black georgette and stretching it over a wire frame. A double frill of the georgette softens the outline of the brim.



JEAN PATOU uses dove-grey felt for this model with deeply dented brim and squashed crown. Self-trimmed, it has matching soft veiling.



PAQUIN achieves a foreshortened effect in the brim of an apple-green fine straw by turning it back and bringing it to a point in front. It has a square-blocked crown.



LANVIN'S white panama is trimmed with white cotton embroidery. It is made with a shallow fitting crown and wide brim and ties under the chin with white plaited cording.

FRANCES

was puzzled. "I did hear something," she said. "Like a body being dragged downstairs."

"In here," Max said, leading the way into the dining-room. "I wish it had been a body. It would have been justifiable homicide. Our Annie departing in a dudgeon."

Frances said, "Oh, no!" "We had words," Max said grimly. "I enjoyed them at the time."

"Oh dear!" Frances was dismayed out of all proportion. After all, this stranger's difficulties were no concern of hers. "But what will you do? You simply must have someone in a doctor's house."

"I know. But don't let it spoil your breakfast."

But Frances persisted: "Your mother... is she quite an invalid? Is there anything I could do?"

"You eat that egg. I promised you breakfast and I'm determined you shall have it. Mother is all right. A woman comes in twice a day to attend to her... she's upstairs now, and will stay on this morning. I'll hunt up a servant during the day."

"But they are terribly hard to get."

"I know. However..." he smiled at her. "I don't suppose you're a housekeeper out of a job?"

"I wish, for your sake, I were."

They laughed together and he said: "No, you don't look the part. But you don't look as if monkeying about with big guns came naturally to you, either."

"As a matter of fact," she defended herself. "I can run a house quite well."

"Then if you ever feel you want a change of occupation, the job's open. Time off, all found, two in family, an invalid with a sense of humor and an overworked doctor with a bad temper, but good at heart."

"I'll bear it in mind," she said, suddenly touched by something in the quality of his smile. For a moment they looked at each other, and that queer, electric exchange trembled again between them.

"You're a bit of a mystery girl," Max said, and, touching his chin, thought for the first time how he must appear. He exclaimed, sparing her the awkwardness of a reply: "I must look rather frightening. Do excuse me. I thought breakfast was more important than shaving."

"I hadn't noticed," Frances said, and added impulsively: "You do look a thing, as a matter of fact."

Continuing... The Stranger

from page 9

But you're one of the nicest men I've ever met, if I may make so bold." Her own eyes widened in surprise at what she had said. It was not a joke at all. Suddenly she was blushing.

The queer, tense moment passed, and they were suddenly talking with the ease of old friends, but friends who had not met for a long time, so that there was much to say and know about each other. It was half-past nine before Max crushed out his cigarette. He got up quickly. "I must bath and change. I've surgery at ten, but I hope to be through by about eleven this morning. Will you go up and see my mother? She's most anxious for your company. I'll get you to the station in time for your train."

She was surprised when Max came into his mother's room saying it was eleven-fifteen and they had better be going. Mrs. Regan, bright-eyed and, in a gentle way, animated, despite the evident ravages of illness, looked at him reproachfully. "I was hoping you'd forget about this child's train, Max. She had forgotten, hadn't she, Frances? I wish she hadn't got to go away by this train," his mother continued.

"I must, I'm afraid," Frances was seized by an odd reluctance to go, and because of it spoke very firmly.

"At once, though? To-day? After all, your friends aren't expecting you, you said," Max spoke casually enough.

His mother said, "I suppose we mustn't be selfish. We weren't expecting her, either, but her visit has been a great pleasure."

Suddenly Frances bent down and kissed the faded cheek. For an unexpected painful instant she had felt again the poignant stab of loss which had come from time to time in the first years after her mother's death.

"You've been very sweet to a stranger," she said softly. "I shan't forget this."

"It need not be strangers just meeting and passing," Mrs. Regan said. "Perhaps when your visit to Midford is over you could come to us for a little while?"

Frances shook her head. "I told you. I start work on Monday. This is... just a rush visit up here."

"Yes, of course," The old lady was regretful. "Your job. I don't like the sound of that. Living in

a single room by yourself, and working in a stuffy office."

"Well..." There seemed nothing more to say. She turned and smiled at Max.

"Well, we must be off," he said, in an odd, curt voice.

Max spoke little on the drive, and Frances wondered if she had offended him in some way.

Answering her thoughts he said as the car drew up at the station, "I've been trying to think why it should seem absurd to say good-bye to a stranger and let her go peacefully on her way."

"I don't feel a stranger," Frances said.

He looked at her speculatively. "No. After a night like we've had, one is in a state of mind where odd things happen. Preliminaries don't seem to matter, and one gets down to intimacy with a stranger. That's it."

He seemed to be trying to comfort himself, and his words were a comfort to Frances, too. They would say good-bye now, and he and the white house, the defaulting Annie, and the old lady with eyes like her son, which saw through one, would be part of a dream, the tranquil refreshing dream which had followed a nightmare.

"All the same..." my offer is open. And my mother's. If you could find time to see us on your way home... No? Well, perhaps it's better." He paused, then added in a hard, casual voice, "That ring you're wearing on your engagement finger. You didn't have it on before you went into my mother's room."

"No. I don't think I did."

"Does it mean that an engagement ring usually means?"

She hesitated. Then she said harshly, "Yes. Yes, it does."

"I see. You know, a girl as lovely as you are ought to wear her

Your Coupons

TEA: 21-32 (21-24 expire July 11, when 33-36 become available).
BUTTER: 23-24 (expire July 11, when 35-37 become available).
MEAT: Red, 50-53 (54-56 available June 28), blue, 57 and 59 (61, 63 available June 28).
CLOTHING: 1-36 (1947), 1-36 (1948).

no trespassing sign all the time. Here comes the train. Good-bye."

The ring, was pretty, but of no great value. When he had given it to her, Derek, apologising as he always did for spending so little money on her, had said:

"I'd like to give you the Koh-i-Noor. You know why I can't."

But it was simply because the ring had no great intrinsic value that she had been able to take it at all. When it was time for her to prepare to leave the train, she took off the ring and put it in her bag.

The porter at the station told her that Mrs. Derek Tyson's house was at the end of the village. Green-trees, it was called. She couldn't miss it.

She found it easily enough. A pleasant, red brick cottage standing in a large garden which would delight the hearts of children. But they were not there this morning. They came straggling round the side of the house in the wake of three dogs which had come barking at Frances as she unlatched the gate.

When the barking had subsided, the elder, a boy about seven, said politely, "They only want to play. They won't hurt you."

Derek's children. She should not have come. Oh, this was a mad, a fatal mistake! Fair hair, and Derek was dark, but Derek's eyes, and the younger of the two boys had Derek's mouth. They were flesh and blood to her now. Derek's boys. She had not even known they were boys. "I have two children," Derek had said. And at the time that had only seemed a deeper stab of the knife whose first wound had been the news that he was married. News told three months too late for her not to love him.

"Did you want to see anyone?" the elder remarked at last. His tone was welcoming.

"I... I'd like to see your mother," Frances said unsteadily. It was too late to retreat now. She had come all this way. She would see this thing through. Even if she were defeated, defeat now would be easier to accept.

"Mummy is in the house," the boy said, and he went towards the cottage porch.

"Perhaps she is busy," Frances began, but just then, in search of the children, their mother came to the doorway. Frances drew in her

BUTCH



"Th' man had another—a much larger diamond—but he said it has an evil curse on it."

breath quickly at the sight of the tall young woman. She had been utterly unprepared for anyone like this. Margaret Tyson was beautiful. This was Derek's wife, whom she had visualised as a fading, ageing woman, who, because she could not keep her husband in love, kept him by nagging of her rights, of the children, of his responsibilities. "She's a lot older than you. She is not as pretty as you, sweet," he had said.

A woman bitter, resentful, grasping, determined to have her rights, one from whose heart love had long since gone, but who was obstinately determined to clutch her husband was the picture Derek had drawn. "You're not breaking up anything. You're not taking anything from her. There's not been anything... for a long time, Margaret is a mother, first and last. Remember, we've been apart for three years."

This woman was careworn, but not by petty resentments and bitterness. There was a deep, hurting fear in her wide eyes, and she was trying to keep it out of the corners of her mouth while she smiled at the uninvited guest.

"Yes, I'm Mrs. Tyson. Did you wish to see me?"

Frances introduced herself with difficulty and was nerved for the chill of hatred and antagonism.

Please turn to page 28

You can have the SOFTEST, SMOOTHEST SKIN by using pure, mild Pears

IT WASN'T A MIRACLE that made Shirley's dreams come true today. She knew the best way to real loveliness was regular care with gentle Pears. Pears is so pure, so mild—it's just right for cuddly babies and lovely ladies.



SHIRLEY'S adorably soft, smooth skin won all hearts from the day she first gurgled in her Pears baby bath. For Shirley's mother knew the best start for any budding beauty was regular care with pure, mild Pears.



See your way to loveliness through mild transparent Pears.

Pears

Pears is the original transparent soap. It's so pure you can see right into the heart of each amber tablet.



MARRIED with full naval splendour Shirley was a picture of loveliness. Asked for her complexion secret she said: "Regular cleansings with pure, mild Pears — I've used Pears ever since I was a baby."



Ps. 33, W/W45

WATERPLANING under sunny skies, Shirley still kept her skin soft and smooth as a mid-summer rose with gentle Pears. You'll find regular Pears care keeps your complexion soft and adorable.

WHAT KIND OF HEADACHE DO YOU GET?

3 stages of a *Bilious* headache



1 PAIN SYMPTOMS

Throbbing pain, usually confined to one side of the head. Nausea and a feeling of weakness. That's a bilious or "sick" headache. There's no need to put up with bilious headaches! While your doctor finds out the cause you can get quick relief. Take just TWO Anacin tablets . . .



2 AMAZING SPEED

Anacin quickly soothes those irritated nerves. The pain becomes less and less . . . throbbing dies away because every Anacin tablet is a combination of four medically proven agents. Four ingredients—and it's the action of an extra ingredient that makes Anacin's relief so much swifter. Anacin is actually cheaper in the long run too, because two Anacin tablets will frequently do the work of much larger doses of ordinary anti-pain powders or tablets.



3 HEADACHE GONE

Quick blessed relief. That's what you get from Anacin. Quick and safe relief—with no after effects. So change to Anacin. Sold at all chemists in packets of 12, tins of 30, bottles of 50 and 100.

ANACIN
REGISTERED TRADE MARK

CHANGE NOW



2 bring FASTER relief from headaches and pain.



FISH HAS PARROTS BEAK!

THE GLOBEFISH TEETH GROW JOINED TOGETHER FORMING A BEAK LIKE A PARROT!

DO YOU KNOW?

DECAYED TEETH CAUSE SERIOUS AILMENTS!

AN UNHEALTHY MOUTH CAN CAUSE ANAEMIA, ARTHRITIS, EYE TROUBLE OR EVEN HEART TROUBLE! KEEP YOUR MOUTH CLEAN AND HEALTHY WITH ANTISEPTIC KOLYNOS. KOLYNOS BUBBLES SURGICALLY CLEANSE YOUR WHOLE MOUTH.

GRAVE CURE FOR TOOTHACHE!

IN IRELAND IT WAS BELIEVED THAT IF A TOOTHACHE SUFFERER KNEELED ON A GRAVE AND CHEWED A HANDFUL OF GRASS HE WOULD NEVER AGAIN HAVE TOOTHACHE!

Puzzling Problem SOLVED!

A COLORADO (U.S.A.) DENTIST HAS DISCOVERED THAT THE PUZZLING NOTCHES IN MANY WOMEN'S UPPER FRONT TEETH ARE CAUSED BY OPENING BOBBY PINS WITH THE TEETH! REMEMBER KOLYNOS SURGICALLY CLEANS OUT-OF-THE-WAY CREVICES—CHECKS DECAY.

Kolynos IS A REAL MONEY SAVER!

KOLYNOS GOES TWICE AS FAR AS ORDINARY TOOTHPASTE

IT'S SO HIGHLY CONCENTRATED HALF AN INCH ON A DRY BRUSH IS PLENTY!





DUBBO VISITORS. Dr. and Mrs. Eric Roberts and Dr. Clifton Barrett, of Gilgandra, at Soldiers' Club party. Dr. Roberts intends racing his horse, Tartan's Pride, when the Gilgandra Club holds its meeting next month.

Intimate Gossipings

WHEN bad weather forces postponement until next month of Gilgandra Diggers' Race Club two-day meeting the club's committee consoles itself with knowledge that the much-needed rain will greatly benefit the district.

Secretary Harold Campbell spent hours on telephone, either notifying people that race track is under water or listening to sorry tales from folk who tried to drive to Gilgandra and found themselves marooned in mud.

Among festivities cancelled is David Pye's annual champagne party. Road leading to David's property, "New Merriall," is impassable, and the Geoff Stephens, of Tresford, driving over to be his race guests found themselves bogged. David took his jeep down to fetch them, and then had to get his three-ton truck to rescue the jeep.

Dubbo road is much better, and number of Dubbo people drive over for impromptu party at Soldiers' Club. They include Dr. and Mrs. Fred Ross and Dr. and Mrs. Paddy McCormack, who are guests of Dr. and Mrs. Trevor Williams.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE reception to honor the King's Birthday brings out beautiful evening gowns which combine colorfully with many service uniforms and huge bowls of multi-colored flowers in four reception rooms.

Notice that a number of frocks have shawl necklines. Outstanding among these are Mrs. Alexis Albert's white jersey, the skirt printed horizontally in pastel figures, and the softly draped shawl caught on the right shoulder with three huge white roses, and Mrs. Charles Lloyd Jones' rich brown brocade with matching shawl.

Mrs. Northcott greeted guests in white chiffon with gold-and-crimson brocade jacket, and Elizabeth Northcott wore wine full-skirted velvet with tiny sleeves.



KING'S BIRTHDAY meeting at Randwick. Pat Wilson wears a gay scarf with her sage-green gabardine suit at races when she attends holiday meeting with Jim Blair.



GILGANDRA DIGGERS' Race Club president John Campbell and Mrs. Campbell are cheerful guests at late afternoon party given by Mrs. Harold Campbell (left), despite postponement of the Club's two-day meeting.



SHORE DANCE. Robin Stanton, Adrienne Goldring, and Sue Playfair, members of committee for Shore Old Boys' Union dance, which will be held at Trocadero this Thursday.

LOVELY white lace gown appliqued with lace flowers worn by Jean Shepherd for her wedding with Dr. Geoffrey Holt, of Manly, at St. Andrew's, Cronulla. Jean is eldest daughter of the J. H. Shepherds, of Cronulla, and reception was held after ceremony at Royal Motor Yacht Club, Port Hacking, where Mr. Shepherd is commodore. Jean and Geoff will motor to Adelaide for honeymoon, and on their return will make Newcastle their headquarters, as Geoff is resident doctor at Newcastle Hospital.

BELIEVE guests just stared and stared at supper table loaded with good things when Roslyn Musgrove and Joan Baldock gave party recently in London. Ros and Joan, pooled their parcels sent by their families here and invited lots of visiting Australians and some of their English friends in for drinks and savories.

Among guests were Lloyd and Betty Cahill, Dot Whitford, Joan Wettenthal (formerly Joan Lamb, of Sydney), and Bill Osborne. Both lasses have jobs in London, but manage to see nearly all the shows. They were off to see the Old Vic production of "St. Joan" last week.

MAKING their home in Worcester are Desmond and Isobel Joynes, who were married recently in England. Isobel is only daughter of the William Smiles, of Penhurst. Cake for her wedding was made by her grandmother, Mrs. W. Smiles, of Durham, England, and her grandfather gave her away. Isobel met her husband when he was attached to the Fleet Air Arm and visited Australia. He now has a job with the Air Ministry in Worcester, and couple were greatly thrilled when they saw the Australian cricket team playing there.



PRETTY BRIDE. Mrs. John Gilchrist leaves St. Mark's, Darling Point, with her husband. Bride formerly Barbara Fairfax, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Fairfax, of Edgecliff.



FRENCH VIOLINIST. Twenty-seven-year-old Ginette Neveu pours coffee for her brother Jean (her accompanist). Ginette, who has been tremendously successful abroad, will commence her Sydney season on July 1 with the Sydney Symphony Orchestra.



DINING AT GLENEAGLES. Mrs. J. Vernon, Mr. Roland Walton, Dr. Vernon, and Mrs. Walton dine at Gleneagles before attending the premiere of "The Winslow Boy" at the Minerva Theatre.

ONE of Lady Olivier's first functions in Sydney after the opening of the Old Vic Company at the Tivoli will be when she opens a camellia show at the Soldiers' Memorial Hall, Killara, in aid of Food for Britain. Show is under auspices of Kuring-gai Horticultural Society, and will be opened on July 7. Who knows we may have a Lady Olivier camellia to add to our camellia collection.

RUN into Mrs. G. H. Sautelle, who is busily shopping prior to departure for London, where she will arrive in time for wedding of her daughter, Mrs. Len Fallaw, widow of Charlton Fallaw, with John Ford, of Ilkley, Yorkshire. Len has been in London for some time now, and Mrs. Sautelle had made plans for her trip before she knew of their marriage in September.

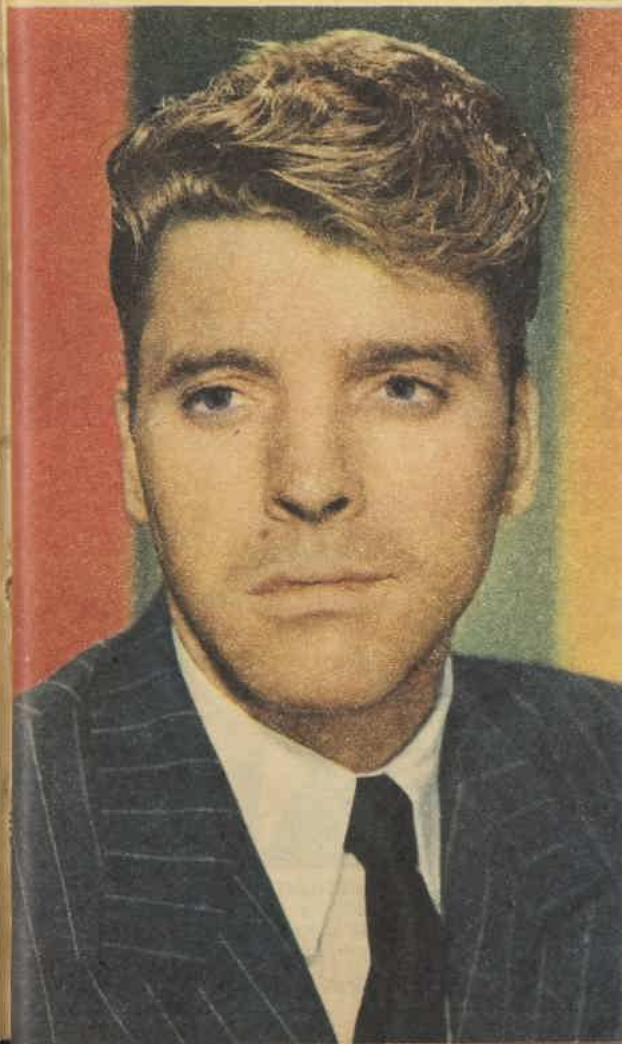


BACK FROM AMERICA. Yvonne Audette dines and dances at Prince's with Tom Duffy when she arrives in Sydney after trip to America with her mother, Mrs. W. R. Haulaib.



JANET LEIGH will be seen with Tom Drake and Lassie in a technicolor romance, "Hills of Home," for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

DENNIS MORGAN (Warners) has the role of famous ballad singer Chauncey Olcott in the technicolor "My Wild Irish Rose."



Popular film stars



BURT LANCASTER, former circus acrobat, now a leading film star, will play opposite Barbara Stanwyck and Ann Richards in Paramount's drama, "Sorry, Wrong Number."

DOROTHY MAGUIRE, co-star with Gregory Peck in the 1948 Academy Award drama, "Gentleman's Agreement" (Fox), which deals with racial intolerance.



Face Powder Flattery

that imparts a lovely look of soft, satin-smoothness to your skin



JUDY GARLAND Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Star in "THE PIRATE."

★ Soft as its delicate fragrance, smooth as finest velvet, Max Factor Hollywood Face Powder will give your skin a warm, vivid radiance . . . and bring out its full, natural beauty. Try the glorifying, glamorizing Color Harmony shade created expressly for your type.

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MP 12

IT HAPPENS IN TWO SECONDS



MAKE THE GLASS OF WATER TEST YOURSELF! Drop a Bayer's Aspirin Tablet into a glass of water. Within 2 seconds, it starts to disintegrate. That's what happens when you swallow it—hence the quick relief.

Within two seconds after entering 'The Leap' on Switzerland's famous Olympic Run, bobsled teams hit the amazing speed of 85 m.p.h.



And, as this glass-of-water test proves, within two seconds after you take Bayer's Aspirin Tablets they're ready to go to work to bring fast pain relief.

FAST PAIN RELIEF

Don't let a headache, cold or 'flu, cause you needless suffering. To relieve pain and discomfort QUICKLY, take two Bayer's Aspirin Tablets with a full glass of water. They set to work to relieve you so amazingly quickly because three processes—not just one—are used in their quality manufacture to ensure disintegration in so few seconds.

Remember—the single active ingredient in Bayer's Aspirin Tablets is so effective that doctors regularly prescribe it for pain relief.

Bayer's Aspirin Tablets are gentle to the system; they contain no harmful drugs which affect the heart or digestion.

ALWAYS ASK FOR GENUINE **BAYER'S ASPIRIN**

TABLETS



Mother says,

"I'm always most careful about the little details which affect the health of my family. Nothing but the best is good enough for those precious children of mine so that's why I always ask for Swansdown Comfort Crepe—the toilet crepe that's free from all impurities and harshness, yet firm and so very economical in use. Nothing but the best is good enough for my family—that's why—I always insist on



LETTER FROM AN UNKNOWN WOMAN



2 DISAPPOINTMENT of Lisa's parents follows her refusal to marry young Lieutenant Leopold (John Good) because of her continued love for Stefan, though she has been taken from Vienna.



3 RETURNING TO VIENNA, Lisa gets a job as a model. She goes back to her old home, and meets Stefan, who is attracted by her beauty, but has no knowledge of her long hero worship of him.



5 SOON FORGOTTEN by the carefree Stefan, Lisa later agrees to marry wealthy admirer Johann (Marcel Journet). He knows she and Stefan have had a son, but he forgives her.



7 VISITING APARTMENT of Stefan to try to awaken his memory of her, Lisa, who has left her husband and sent her son away, is welcomed by Stefan's dumb servant John (Art Smith).



1 SEEKING ROMANCE, schoolgirl Lisa (Joan Fontaine) tells her mother (Mady Christians) of her admiration for pianist Stefan Brand (Louis Jourdan).

Romantic drama with Austrian setting

DRAMATIC story of an Austrian girl's love for a playboy musician is told through the medium of a letter he receives after her death.

Joan Fontaine and the French actor, Louis Jourdan, have starring roles and the setting is Vienna early in 1900.

Rampart Productions made the film, which Universal International releases.



4 DEPARTURE of Stefan on a concert tour, after promising to return, makes Lisa hope that he really loves her and will forget about his gay life.



6 AT OPERA ten years later, Lisa sees Stefan, but finds he has no recollection of their previous association or his promise, though he invites her to meet him again.



8 DISILLUSIONED by Stefan's inability to recognise her as anything more than just another conquest, Lisa leaves the city, and dies of typhus soon after.

The Australian Women's Weekly — June 26, 1948

See the difference...
when your wash has that

PERSIL DAZZLE!



PERSIL GIVES
THE WHITEST WHITES . . .
THE BRIGHTEST COLOURS



PERSIL'S oxygen-charged suds shift even deep-down dirt, not some of it — not most of it — but ALL of it. That's why a Persil wash is the *cleanest* wash of all . . . whites dazzling white . . . colours dazzling bright.

IT'S PERSIL'S OXYGEN THAT PUTS
THE **DAZZLE** IN ALL YOUR WASH

The Stranger

Continued from page 22

BUT her name meant nothing to Margaret Tyson. Her expression did not alter.

"We've not met, have we, Miss Mahoney? Do come in." She turned to lead the way through the hall and into a sunny sitting-room.

Frances said harshly, "I'm a friend of Derek's."

"How nice! And are you staying...?" she began. Then the telephone bell cut through her words, and she turned and ran back, not pausing to make an excuse.

But she excused herself when she returned, the pallor of anxiety still on her face. "I'm sorry to receive you in this state of mind. But I'm most dreadfully anxious. You've heard about the train smash, haven't you?"

Frances nodded.

"I'm terribly afraid that my husband was on that train, though I've no proof of it. I've inquired at the police station, and there... there are some injured unidentified. But I can't reach Derek. I've tried everywhere he might be found in London. And that last call..."

Again that curious shock went through Frances. This was real anguish. It was the anguish of a woman who loved deeply.

"Please forgive me for troubling you with my troubles," Margaret went on. "Oh! You said you were a friend of Derek's, didn't you? You'll think he has a silly, hysterical wife. It's this inability to get in touch with anyone that is so maddening. If I could just..."

Frances said quickly, harshly, "You need have no worry, Mrs. Tyson. I happened to see Derek during the week, and he was going to stay with some friends in Surrey this week-end."

"Oh!" The gasp of relief was almost ecstatic. For a moment Margaret stared at the girl, her face radiant, then she hid her face in her hands, and her moving shoulders betrayed the fact that she was quietly crying.

Frances sat rigid, torn by conflicting emotions, unable to utter a word. Then Margaret lifted her tear-wet face and said more composedly, "You'll think I'm the most uncontrolled fool in the world. But I did have some grounds for worrying. Derek tries to get up to see me and the children twice a month. He had to disappoint us last week-end, and he said he would probably turn up this week-end. Of course, he is the worst person in the world at writing letters."

She accused him lovingly, as if all his imperfections could be forgiven him because he was alive and safely in Surrey. "He always catches that night train and gets a car from Granton. It gives him the whole of Saturday with the children."

The chill in Frances' heart was almost a physical thing. "He had to disappoint us last week-end." That was what Margaret Tyson said. And it was the truth. There was no pretence here. Wherever Derek had been last week-end it was not here with his wife as he had said. Asking her to divorce him, and meeting with the bitter, resentful refusal of a wife who refused to let go what she no longer wanted.

Margaret was smiling now, offering cigarettes. She said: "What do you think of this part of the country? Is this your first visit?"

"Yes. I'm... just passing through."

"It's sweet of you to call. You'll stay to lunch, won't you? Oh, please do!" she added as she saw signs of refusal on her guest's face. "We can always manage a guest. We do very well here... I've become quite a farmer."

"A good thing to be these days." The cigarette was helping Frances. "I suppose so. It's housing that is holding us up now Derek is demobilised."

"I... yes, I knew he was trying to get a house for you." Frances did not know why she lied.

"That's why he has gone to Surrey this week-end. I dare say to the Downes... Do you know Bertie and Alicia? They've found something for us, Derek wrote. We can't have it for several months. But even a ray of hope! These last months have been the worst part of the separation, somehow."

Suddenly she laughed. "How pompous I sound! Do come and meet the children. They are lurking outside. I can hear them. And you will stay to lunch? I have so few visitors. You've just come up from town?"

"I can't stay long," Frances said. "I... my friends are waiting." "Are you motoring? How nice!" "I found myself in the neighborhood, and Derek had told me you were here, and I remembered. But it's just a flying visit. Just to say 'Hello.'"

It was late afternoon when Frances rang the bell of the old house in the walled garden. She was swaying with fatigue and her eyes had the blind, glazed look of the sleepwalker. Max opened the door, and whatever he had been going to say was left unsaid because she pitched forward and almost fell into his arms.

"I've come back," she said. He steadied her and led her into the sitting-room.

When she was lying back in the easy chair he stood looking down at her. "What the devil have you been up to?" he said.

"Things didn't turn out as I expected. And when I got back to Granton I..."

"Yes. That's all right. I'll get you something to drink."

"No. Don't go." She frowned, as if the effort to collect her faculties was painful. "That offer of a job... if it's still open. I don't want to go back to town. Not for a long time."

"No? You can stay here as long as you like. But I'll get you a drink first."

"No. Please." There was urgency in the lift of her hand. "I want to tell you something."

"You don't need to tell me anything now. You aren't yourself."

"If I were my usual self I wouldn't be here at all, would I? And when I'm myself again I won't be able to tell you this. And I want you to know."

"Go ahead then, if it will make you feel better."

"I went up to Midford to see the wife of the man I'm in love with. He told me that she refused to divorce him. I thought I might persuade her."

"And you failed."

"I didn't try."

Suddenly she began to laugh hysterically, and Max said, "Stop that. This story can wait until the morning, can't it?"

But she shook her head obstinately. "No. I want to tell you. When I got there I found... just that she had never even heard of me. All this... torment of the past twelve months, and my hating her because she wouldn't let Derek go... she just didn't know of my existence, or that her husband wasn't perfectly faithful to her. That's funny, isn't it?"

"You might think it's funny, one day."

"Yes. And he was faithful in his own way, I suppose. What he felt for me, the sort of thing some men go in for, didn't touch his marriage. He'll pick up where the war interrupted it."

"That happens. Cheats sometimes have their cake and eat it too."

"I had the wrong idea of her. I suppose it is often like this. The other woman has as much the wrong idea of the wife as the wife has of the other woman."

Suddenly the garrulous lucidity departed from her and darkness descended. She lay back and shut her eyes.

"All right now," Max said. "I'll see about getting a bed for you."

"Didn't you get a servant?" Her voice seemed to come from a long way off.

"Why have you told me all this?" He did not expect an answer and realised his question was foolish.

But she opened her eyes and said almost normally: "Because I thought you could help me."

There was a silence. The last rays of the afternoon sun left the room. At last Max said gently: "Yes, I can help you. Not at once, perhaps. But after a while."

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What are you getting out of life? Do you feel that all the richest prizes — health, success, happiness — are beyond your grasp? Tiredness, depression and the worn-out feeling caused by strain, overwork and worry may be handicapping you from the start. If work and worry are getting you down, it's time you had WINCARNIS, the "quick action" tonic. WINCARNIS makes you feel brighter, more alert and vigorous. Right from the first sip you can feel it doing you good because WINCARNIS is rich in basic elements and nourishing foods, which enrich the blood, fortify the nerves, and tone up the whole system. A wonderful tonic for men and women of all ages, endorsed by many thousands of recommendations from medical men. Your chemist sells it. Ask for a bottle to-day. WINCARNIS, the "Quick Action" tonic.

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HER FLAWLESS SKIN has love in its spell... from that first enchanted meeting his heart was won by her beautiful, unblemished complexion... lovely skin endowed by Rexona Soap. Its silken, gently-medicated lather tones the skin while cleansing away the impurities that cause ugly skin faults. Rexona's gentle medicament is Cadyll, the exclusive compound comprising oils of Cade, Cassia, Cloves, Terebinth and Bornyl Acetate—all proven aids in the achievement of complexion loveliness.

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GET IN FIRST Immunise NOW against COLDS and FLU

Don't let colds and 'flu catch you on the hop. Guard against these miserable winter complaints by taking a course of VAXOS No. 1 now. For now is the time to immunise against colds, influenza, bronchitis and all complaints of catarrhal origin with VAXOS No. 1, Australia's most effective oral vaccine.

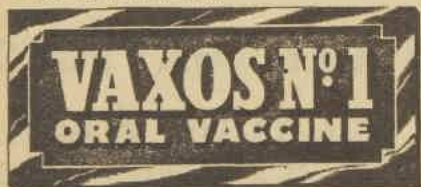
Just a few drops daily builds up the natural defence forces of the body to resist and overcome invading bacteria.

It's not too late. If you are suffering at present from any catarrhal complaint (such as influenza, bronchitis, cold, etc.) VAXOS will bring you rapid relief. The intensity of the attack will quickly diminish and the symptoms will soon disappear. With renewed health the treatment is continued in decreasing amounts in order to prevent recurrence of the trouble and to immunise you against further attacks for many months.

Don't suffer needlessly. Start VAXOS treatment today. Your chemist stocks and recommends it.

Three weeks' treatment for acute cases costs only 12/6 per bottle; several weeks' treatment for chronic cases 21/- per bottle.

For prolonged protection from infection, start on the VAXOS way to health today.



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VB2-12

Fashion FROCKS

"LYNETTE." Four-piece lingerie set of rayon silk in white, pale pink, sky-blue, or peach ground with a floral design in pink and white.

Ready to Wear: Nightdress: 32in. and 34in. bust, 63/- (7 coupons); 36in. and 38in. bust, 65/9 (7 coupons). Postage 1/3 extra. Petticoat: 32in. and 34in. bust, 29/11 (4 coupons); 36in. and 38in. bust, 32/9 (4 coupons). Postage 10d extra. Scanties: 36in. and 38in. hips, 14/11 (2 coupons); 40in. and 42in. hips, 16/9 (2 coupons). Postage 6d extra. Bed Jacket: 32in. and 34in. bust, 29/11 (5 coupons); 36in. and 38in. bust, 32/9 (5 coupons). Postage 10d extra.



Cut Out Only: Nightdress: 32in. and 34in. bust, 49/11 (7 coupons); 36in. and 38in. bust, 52/6 (7 coupons). Postage 1/3 extra. Petticoat: 32in. and 34in. bust, 19/9 (4 coupons); 36in. and 38in. bust, 21/9 (4 coupons). Postage 10d extra. Scanties: 36in. and 38in. hips, 10/6 (2 coupons); 40in. and 42in. hips, 12/9 (2 coupons). Postage 6d extra. Bed Jacket: 32in. and 34in. bust, 19/9 (5 coupons); 36in. and 38in. bust, 21/9 (5 coupons). Postage 10d extra.

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B.R.Z. readers use money orders only.

After-cold comfort

While you are battling with a cold you can think of little else. If you are sensible, you will take it lying down for a few days.

By CAROLYN EARLE, Our Beauty Expert

THE common cold is one of the most anti-social ailments, and if you keep on your feet, sneezing and wheezing, you merely spread infection and probably make your own attack worse.

After the cold is over, inevitably comes the morning when you look at yourself in the mirror without favor. There you see no sleek, vitamin-rich lady, but a rather pathetic creature with nose pink-tipped and peeling, probably scurfiness round the lips, maybe an odd spot on the chin, strangely lank hair, plus an air of weariness.

You feel down-at-heel and miserable, and nothing short of head-to-toe remake will chase away the doldrums.

Which brings us to a practical discussion on how to transform this low morale into a reasonable glamor rating. There are two approaches—go to a beauty salon or do your own beautifying.

Since the basis of glamor is mainly commonsense with a layer of imagination on top, the latter plan works well, although it does call for extra effort to send you satin-smooth and glowing through the remainder of the cold season.

Warmth is the crucial ingredient in winter well-being, and wearing fine woolly underthings, a mere handful in bulk and gossamer in weight, is not too expensive—and is comfortable.

A few exercises first thing in the

morning will help. Do just a few movements at first, and increase them as energy revives.

Vigorous, all-over friction at bath-time is another path to daylong warmth, giving particular massage to the extremities—fingers, toes, and nose—which chill first and remain so if ignored.

A rub-down with a rough towel after the bath, a friction-brush while comfortably relaxed in the warm water, or a body rub applied briskly with the palms after drying is a peppy circulation restorer.

To encourage bright eyes, renewed energy and "resistance," put diet to work. Drink lots of water, lashings of fruit juice, eat oranges, pineapple, tomatoes, butter and eggs. Doubtless you do eat these things now, but during the next three months try to eat more and snap fingers at wintry winds.

Immediate de-scuffing of the skin calls for concentrated deep creaming of face and throat (do hands at the same time), especially at bedtime, when a film of the lubricant can be left round nose and mouth during sleep.

A warm oil face-mask left on for ten minutes and followed by face massage will also help to counteract this complexion casualty.

Where lips are parched and flaked, paint them several times a day with a mixture of glycerine and rosewater, or apply a film of lanoline at night. The creamiest lipstick can't do the job alone.

But the treatment that really does something for one's morale begins at the head; a scalp mas-

Dress Sense

by Betty Keep

A READER whose baby will arrive in about five months' time wants a design for a dress to wear to her sister's wedding; another reader wants advice on a winter coat; a third wants to know how to cut a flare.

These letters among others have been selected because the answers may help a great number of readers.

"MY baby is due in about five months' time, and as I will have to go to my sister's wedding I want you to design me something a bit dressy for the occasion. The wedding will take place at 4 p.m. Please advise me about color and material, as well as the style. I am blonde in coloring and have brown eyes."

Grey or a cocoa-brown in a soft angora type wool would be good taste and good fashion for your maternity dress. Have the bodice top made with a collarless neckline and three-quarter-length sleeves. Pleats in the skirt and a large bow on one hip would be pretty, as well as practical. The extra width necessary for expansion is in a good wrap under the pleats. The dress could have a matching jacket.

Wardrobe building

"I HAVE not long left school, and am finding it very difficult to buy suitable clothes and plan my wardrobe. Will you help me, please?"

When you plan your wardrobe, there are so many things only you can decide. For instance, will your coat be full or fitted? Will your best dress have long or short sleeves? However, I can tell you this. Being well dressed is a matter of planning and buying only clothes that you really need. Follow the tried and very true policy of the one good thing; one well-cut dress, one really wonderfully tailored overcoat, and one perfect suit. Of course I don't for a moment expect you to rush out and buy an expensive wardrobe in one afternoon. Acquire the habit of wardrobe building and long-range planning and buying.

To cut a flare

"CAN you tell me the correct way to fold material to cut a flare on the cross? The way I cut it, the skirt seems to have nice folds hanging in the front and back and none on the side; also the sides seem short."

To make a skirt with a good all-round flare it is necessary to buy enough material to allow half a yard more than twice the length of the skirt. To cut, open out the material to single width, then fold in half with selvages meeting at top and bottom. Allow the garment to hang for about a week before taking up the hem.

Lightweight suit

"I'M wondering if you will assist me with my new suit. We have very little winter in our district, but lots of cool, sunny days, so the suit would need to be made in only a lightweight wool. Is blue still a fashionable color? I am in my late teens, slim, and want the suit to be really snappy and new looking."

Marine-blue is a new color and one we will be seeing for numbers

sage and shampoo will transform dull, lifeless hair almost as you watch; extra brushing leaves it fine-spun and shining, not just clean. Add a little hair dressing to the brushes for dryness, a few drops of eau-de-cologne to the last rinse as a scented tonic for other locks.

A completely new hairstyle, more than any other magic, gives a lift to the head and spirits simultaneously; while the clean-sweep mood continues, have your hairdresser trim and thin the thatch you've probably been clinging to for years, add a tiny bang or a soft curl or two where they will do most good. You won't necessarily look "different" afterwards, but somehow new and nicer.

Although it is not possible for me to answer individually letters which arrive from every State on fashion problems, I try to deal with those of interest to the greatest number of readers. If you have a dress problem I can help you with, write to me, addressing your letter to Mrs. Betty Keep, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.



MATERNITY DRESS, suitable for wearing as guest at a wedding. There is a wide wrap under pleats.

A plump little girl

"I HAVE sufficient velvet to make my plump seven-year-old daughter a dress, but as it is a dark shade of wine I would like to lighten up the bodice in some way."

I consider the traditional dirndl, made with a fitted bodice, short puffed sleeves, and a full skirt, as the most becoming silhouette for rounded, childish contours. A cape collar made of tucked batiste and lace (white) would be perfect to lighten up the bodice.

DON'T FURNISH OR REDECORATE YOUR HOME UNTIL YOU'VE READ THIS BOOK

-it's sent free!

ROOMS FOR IMPROVEMENT is the title. It's published by the makers of Vantona Household Textiles and it tells the housewife just what she wants to know about furnishing and decorating. It is down-to-earth and up-to-the-minute from cover to cover—it gives you clear guides to colour

schemes, deals with the subject of fabrics and furnishing which are reasonably available—and all without bias. Illustrated throughout with full-colour plates and many drawings, it's a grand book to have handy at any time.

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WHEN waste matter is allowed to accumulate in the colon it has three effects. It weakens the muscular power of the body to remove it. It creates poisonous products which through the circulation reach every cell in the body. It forms a breeding-ground for germs by the millions. That is the reason high authority to-day regards constipation as primarily responsible for eighty-five cases in every hundred of serious illness. Why specialists all over the world have made internal cleanness their slogan.

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French Jacket...

● Smart handknit in an unusual pattern, with nipped-in waist and flowing hipline.

Materials: Patons "Beehive" Finishing, 4-ply, Patonised Shrink-resist finish. (This is the only wool which should be used.) 1lb. 2oz. 1 pair each Nos. 9 and 12 needles. 1 pair shoulder-pads, 6 knitted buttons.

Measurements: Width all round at underarm, 34-36in.; length from top of shoulder, 22in.; length of sleeves, 17in.

Tension: 7 sts. to the inch on No. 9 needles.

LEFT FRONT

Using No. 9 needles, cast on 104 sts.

1st Row: Knit.

2nd Row: Purl.

Rep. these 2 rows eight times.

Next Row: K., knitting up corresponding sts. of cast-on row to form a hem.

Cast on 4 sts. Purl 1 row. Proceed as follows:

1st Row: K 1, * (k 1, p 1, k 1) into next st., turn, p 3, turn, slip the 2nd and 3rd sts. on left-hand needle over 1st st., k rem. st. (this will now be termed knot throughout), k 2, knot, k 8, knot, k 2, knot, rep. from * to the last 11 sts., k 11.

2nd and Alt. Rows: Purl.

3rd Row: * K 2, knot, k 2, knot, k 6, knot, k 2, knot, rep. from * to the last 12 sts., k 12.

5th Row: K 3, knot, k 2, knot, * k 4, knot, k 2, knot, rep. from * to the last 13 sts., k 13.

7th Row: K 4, (knot, k 2) three times, knot, * k 6, (knot, k 2) three times, knot, rep. from * to the last 14 sts., k 14.

9th Row: K 5, (knot, k 2, knot) twice, * k 8 (knot, k 2, knot) twice; rep. from * to last 15 sts., k 15.

11th Row: As 7th row.

13th Row: As 5th row.

15th Row: As 3rd row.

16th Row: As 2nd row.

These 16 rows form the patt. Rep. the patt. once, and 15 rows of next pattern.

Dec. once at beg. of next and every following 6th row until 104 sts. rem.

Next Row: Using No. 12 needles, p 10, (p 2 tog., twice, p 1) eighteen times, p 4 (68 sts.). Proceed as follows:

1st Row: K 2, * p 1, k 1, rep. from * to the last 4 sts., k 4.

2nd Row: P 4, * p 1, k 1, rep. from * to the end of the row.

Rep. these 2 rows eight times.

Proceed as follows, using No. 9 needles:

1st Row: K 5, * (knot, k 2, knot) twice, k 8, rep. from * to the last 15 sts., knot, k 2, knot, k 11.

2nd and Alt. Rows: Purl.

3rd Row: K 4, * (knot, k 2) three times, knot, k 6, rep. from * to the last 16 sts., knot, k 2, knot, k 12.

5th Row: K 3, * knot, k 2, knot, k 4, rep. from * to the last 17 sts., knot, k 2, knot, k 13.

7th Row: K 2, knot, k 2, knot, * k 6, (knot, k 2) three times, knot, rep. from * to the last 14 sts., k 14.

9th Row: K 1, knot, k 2, knot, * k 8, (knot, k 2, knot) twice, rep. from * to the last 15 sts., k 15.

11th Row: As 7th row.

13th Row: As 5th row.

15th Row: As 3rd row.

16th Row: As 2nd row.

THIS one was knitted in a rich blue and worn with a black skirt.

Cont. in patt., increasing once at beg. of next and every following 8th row until 72 sts. are on needle. Work without shaping until work measures 14in. from lower edge, ending with a purl row. Cast off 7 sts. at beg. of next row.

Next Row: Purl.

Dec. once at beg. of next row, work in patt. to plain border, k to end. Cast on 4 sts.

Next Row: Purl.

Next Row: K 2 tog., work in patt. to border, k to end.

Next Row: Purl.

Next Row: K 2 tog., work in patt. to last 18 sts., k 2 tog., k 16.

Cont. in patt., decreasing once at beg. of every alt. row 4 times, while at the same time decreasing once (inside border of 16 sts.) in 4th row twice (59 sts.). Proceed as follows:

Work 3 rows without shaping. Dec. once at front edge (inside border) at neck and following 4th row (57 sts.).

Work 3 rows without shaping, also after 4th, 8th, 12th, 16th, 20th, 24th, 28th, and 32nd rows.

44th Row: Work in patt. to last 18 sts., k 2 tog., k 6, inc. once in next st., k 2, inc. once in next st., k 6.

8th Row: Work in patt. to last 20 sts., k 2 tog., k 7, inc. once in next st., k 2, inc. once in next st., k 7.

12th Row: Work in patt. to last 22 sts., k 2 tog., k 8, inc. once in next st., k 2, inc. once in next st., k 8.

16th Row: Work in patt. to last 24 sts., k 2 tog., k 9, inc. once in next st., k 2, inc. once in next st., k 9.

20th Row: Work to last 26 sts., k 2 tog., k to end of the row.

24th Row: Same as 20th row.

28th Row: Work in patt. to last 26 sts., k 2 tog., k 9, k 2 tog., k 2, k 2 tog., k to end of the row.

32nd Row: Work in patt. to last 24 sts., k 2 tog., k 8, k 2 tog., k 2, k 2 tog., k to end of the row.

36th Row: Work in patt. to the last 22 sts., k 2 tog., k 7, k 2 tog., k 2, k 2 tog., k to end of the row.

37th Row: Purl.

38th Row: Cast off 8 sts., work to end of the row.

39th Row and Alt. Rows: Purl.

Continued on page 36

Tragedy at 18!



**Caused by
a gum infection that
S.R. Toothpaste
might have prevented**

You may think your teeth are sound—but if your gums bleed easily... feel soft, sore or spongy—some of those teeth may soon have to be extracted. If you want to help save your teeth, you must act at once. Use S.R.—the new kind of toothpaste which helps to guard gums against infection. S.R. Toothpaste contains Sodium Ricinoleate, which is often used in the treatment of inflamed bleeding gums and gum rot. Clean your teeth with S.R. ... massage your gums with S.R. That will do everything a toothpaste can to keep teeth sound and sparkling-white.



S.R. TOOTHPASTE

**HELP SAVE TEETH WITH THIS
NEW KIND OF TOOTHPASTE**

SR.24.142g

Page 31

"Use **KRUSTO** for *Lighter... Crisper... Tastier* **PASTRY**"

— says

ELIZABETH COOKE,
Kraft's famous Cookery
and Nutrition Expert



KRUSTO CHOCOLATE PIE



8 oz. Krusto, 4 tablespoons water (3-3½ oz.), 2 cups milk, 1 teaspoon coffee, ½ cup sugar, 5 level dessertspoons cocoa, 6 level tablespoons cornflour, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 beaten egg, 1 tablespoon butter.

Boil milk, add coffee and allow to stand for 5 minutes. Strain and cool. Beat egg. Mix sugar, cocoa, cornflour and salt in a bowl and stir in almost all the coffee a little at a time. Place mixture in top of double saucepan and stir over boiling water until it has thickened. Add beaten egg and stir with remaining coffee into saucepan. Cook for 1 minute. Remove from stove, stir in butter, put lid on saucepan and let stand away from direct heat. Make pastry with Krusto, according to directions, roll thinly and line pie-dish. Pour on chocolate mixture, cover top with pastry, flute edge and garnish with blanched almonds (optional). Bake in hot oven until pastry is crisp and golden brown. Serve hot or cold with custard. Serves 4.

So **QUICK** and **EASY** — with **KRUSTO**

"Use Kraft KRUSTO Pastry Mix once"—says Elizabeth Cooke, "and see for yourself that it's the quickest, easiest way to make the lightest, crispest, tastiest pastry".

You just add water to Krusto, mix and roll for pastry that looks as though it could fly out of your oven. Fresher-flavoured, tastier pastry that makes your favourite sweet or savoury pies taste twice as exciting.



New! Tasty! Kraft Fish Supreme

Delicious, mouth-watering KRAFT FISH SUPREME is a brand new taste sensation. Made from specially selected fish. Just open the tin and it's all ready to serve... cold for salads, savouries or sandwiches... hot for snacks on toast. Makes dozens of tasty cooked dishes too.

KRAFT
FISH SUPREME

1/3 per 8 oz. tin.

SLIGHTLY DEARER IN COUNTRY DISTRICTS



FISH SUPREME PIE

1 level tablespoon flour, ½ cup milk, pepper and salt to taste, 1 tin Kraft Fish Supreme, 2 tablespoons water, 6 oz. Krusto Pastry Mix, pinch of salt.



Turn oven on hot (450 degrees F.). Grease both bottom and sides of pie dish. Mix flour to a thin paste with one tablespoon of the milk. Boil remaining milk and stir in the flour, add pepper and salt to taste, and boil for two minutes. Stir in Fish Supreme. Stand aside while making pastry.

Mix the water into the Krusto, add pinch of salt, and turn onto a floured board. Knead slightly. Roll thinly and line pie dish. Turn in fish mixture and cover with pastry. Place in the oven at 450 degrees F., reduce heat and cook at 400 degrees F. for 15-20 mins. or until golden brown. Serves 4.



● The spicy aroma of curry is most welcome at dinner-time on these cold winter evenings.

FLAVORING should be done carefully, as individual tastes require different quantities of curry powder. Too much does spoil the flavor.

The menus given on this page all include a curry dish as their foundation, with a balanced meal built around each.

Most curries can be prepared in advance, placed to cook over an asbestos mat, and just forgotten until mealtime.

Meat and gravy are cooked at once, thus avoiding extra last-minute preparation.

MENU 1

(See color photograph.)

Curried Steak with Spaghetti
Sliced Carrots, Peas, Potatoes
Lemon Marshmallow Cream

CURRIED STEAK

One and a half pounds skirt, blade, round, or topside steak, 1 dessertspoon fat, 1 small onion, 1 clove garlic, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 dessertspoon curry powder, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 cups water or stock, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 3 tablespoons sultanas, 2 apples, 1½ cups cooked spaghetti or noodles, lemon wedges and parsley to garnish.

Trim steak, cut into 1½ in. cubes. Brown in hot fat in heavy saucepan. Remove, add sliced onion and chopped garlic, brown lightly. Stir in flour, curry powder, salt, water or stock. Continue stirring until mixture boils. Add meat, lemon juice, sugar, sultanas. Cover and simmer 2 to 2½ hours until meat is tender. Half an hour before serving add peeled, cored, diced apples. Turn on to hot serving-dish, border with hot noodles or spaghetti dusted with paprika. Garnish with lemon wedges and parsley.

LEMON MARSHMALLOW CREAM

One heaped tablespoon gelatine, 1 cup warm water, 1½ cups boiling water, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup lemon juice, 1 teaspoon vanilla, cherries, nuts.

Soak gelatine in warm water, add boiling water and sugar. Stir until gelatine and sugar are dissolved. Turn into basin, allow to become cold. Add lemon juice and vanilla, whip until white, frothy, and very thick. Pile into serving-dishes, sprinkle with nuts and cherries. Chill until set.

MENU 2

Curried Rabbit Pie with Potato Crust
French Beans, Shredded Cabbage
Orange Meringue Pudding

CURRIED RABBIT PIE

One rabbit, 1 small onion, thin piece lemon rind, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 pint water, 1 pint milk, 1 tablespoon flour, 1½ teaspoons curry

powder (or more according to taste), squeeze lemon juice, 3 cups mashed potato.

Wash rabbit, remove tail joint, soak 4 hour in salted water. Drain, cut into joints. Place in saucepan with sliced onion, lemon rind, salt, water. Cover, simmer 1½ hours or until rabbit is tender. Lift rabbit joints into ovenware dish. Strain stock, return 1 pint to saucepan with flour and curry powder blended to a smooth paste with milk. Stir until boiling. Cool slightly, stir in lemon juice, spoon over rabbit. Cover top

with mashed potato, reheat, and lightly brown topping in moderate oven. Serve with wedges of lemon.

ORANGE MERINGUE PUDDING

Two tablespoons cornflour, 1 pint water, 1 cup sugar, grated rind of 1 orange and 1 lemon, strained juice of 2 oranges and 1 lemon, 2 eggs, 1 teaspoon butter, 2 extra tablespoons sugar for meringue.

Blend cornflour with ¼ cup of the water. Place balance of water, sugar, grated fruit rinds, and juices

in saucepan. When nearly boiling, stir in blended cornflour. Stir while mixture simmers 3 or 4 minutes. Cool slightly, fold in butter and beaten egg-yolks. Turn into ovenware dish. Top with meringue made by beating egg-whites stiffly, gradually adding sugar and beating until sugar dissolves and mixture holds its shape. Place in very moderate oven until meringue is set and lightly browned. Serve hot or cold.

to 1 cup vegetable or meat stock, chopped parsley to garnish.

Peel and dice apple, onion, tomatoes. Fry lightly 5 to 10 minutes in melted fat without allowing to brown. Add curry powder, flour, and stock. Stir until boiling, fold in all other ingredients. Cover, and simmer very gently 1 to 1½ hours until meat is tender. Stir occasionally to prevent sticking, as mixture is thick and dry. Serve piping hot with border of creamed potato sprinkled with chopped parsley.

MENU 3

Bombay Curry
Jacket Potatoes, Spinach, Peas
Sago Plum Pudding, Custard

BOMBAY CURRY

One pound finely chopped steak (round or topside), 1 tablespoon fat, 1 apple, 1 onion, 2 tomatoes, 1 dessertspoon curry powder (or less according to taste), 1 dessertspoon flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1 sliced banana, 1 dessertspoon chutney, 2 tablespoons sultanas, 1 tablespoon desiccated coconut, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 1

SAGO PLUM PUDDING


Two tablespoons sago, 1 cup milk, 3 dessertspoons margarine or butter, 1 cup sugar, 1 scant teaspoon bicarbonate soda, 1 cup soft bread-crumbs, 1 cup mixed fruit, pinch salt.

Wash sago well, add milk. Stand overnight or as long as possible. Cream shortening with sugar, add soda dissolved in milk and sago. Fold in crumbs, fruit, and salt, mix well. Turn into greased basin, cover with greased paper, steam 2½ hours. Serve hot with custard or clear lemon sauce.

Concerning CURRY

By Our Food and Cookery Experts

TOM PIPER



CREAM OF
TOMATO SOUP
CONDENSED

THE NAME OF GODNESS IN FRESH CANNED FOODS

They Warm to this Idea!



King's Cross picture-goers don't have to sit through a winter's show with cold feet. Not any more. They warm to this new idea. Hot Bonox at Interval. As pretty Moya Oliver says, "The idea caught on right away. And no wonder! There's nothing like steaming hot Bonox to warm you up and give you a lift."

Just stir a spoonful of Bonox in a cup of hot water and see how delicious it can be. You'll agree with Moya. Hot, stimulating Bonox gives you new strength when you're tired — keeps your head above the 'flu line and stops Old Man 'Flu. Take some Bonox home today. Enjoy it steaming hot.

THE SPICY flavor of this prize-winning nougat tart will make it a popular addition to your next afternoon-tea party. See prize recipe below.



Mushrooms add flavor in this PRIZEWINNING RECIPE

LEFT-OVER cold meat or tinned luncheon meat is improved in flavor when prepared and served as suggested in the main prize-winning recipe — meat roll with tomato-mushroom sauce.

For a delicious dinner sweet, serve nougat tart freshly made and hot from the oven with custard or sweet white sauce.

MEAT ROLL WITH TOMATO-MUSHROOM SAUCE

Two cups flour, 3 level teaspoons baking-powder, pinch salt, 3oz. margarine or good clean fat, squeeze lemon juice, 1 cup milk, 2 cups minced or finely diced cooked meat (tinned or fresh), 1 cup stock or water, 1 dessertspoon flour, 2 teaspoons finely diced onion, salt and pepper to taste.

Sauce: Quarter pound mushrooms, 1 tablespoon margarine or butter, 1 tablespoon flour, salt to taste, 1½ cups tomato juice, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce.

Sift flour, baking-powder, and salt, rub in shortening. Stir in sufficient milk to make a dough sufficiently firm to handle. Turn on to floured board, knead slightly, roll to rectangular shape 1½ in. thick. Combine meat, stock, flour, onion, salt and pepper. Mix well. Spread evenly over pastry to within ½ in. of edge. Glaze edges with water. Shape into long roll, starting to roll from longest side. Care must be taken to enclose all filling. Press ends together, gash two or three times across top of roll. Place on greased slide, glaze with milk, bake in hot oven (400deg. F.) 25 to 30 minutes until brown and cooked through.

Sauce: Peel mushrooms, chop roughly, sauté in 1 dessertspoon of the margarine or butter. Melt balance of margarine or butter in saucepan, add flour and salt, stir over low heat 1 to 2 minutes. Add tomato juice and Worcestershire sauce, stir while mixture boils and thickens, fold in sautéed mushrooms.

Cut roll into slices, garnish with tomato wedges and parsley, serve with piping hot tomato-mushroom sauce.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. E. P. Rosenberg, 8 Moresby St., Wayville, S.A.

NOUGAT TART

Six ounces shortcrust pastry, 1 egg, 2oz. sugar, 2oz. cake or bread crumbs, 2 tablespoons coconut, grated rind and juice of 1 lemon, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 tablespoon raspberry or apricot jam, 1 teaspoon brown sugar mixed with 1 teaspoon cinnamon, or small quantity vanilla-flavored warm icing and cherries to garnish.

Line 8 in. tart-plate with prepared shortcrust, spread with jam. Separate white from yolk of egg, beat yolk with sugar. Add strained lemon juice, crumbs, coconut, and cinnamon. Beat egg-white stiffly, with pinch of salt, fold into other ingredients, mixing well. Turn into prepared pastry-shell. If to be left without icing, sprinkle top with mixture of brown sugar and cinnamon. Bake in hot oven (400deg. F.) until pastry is lightly browned and filling firm (15 to 20 minutes). Allow to cool, top with warm icing, decorate with cherries.

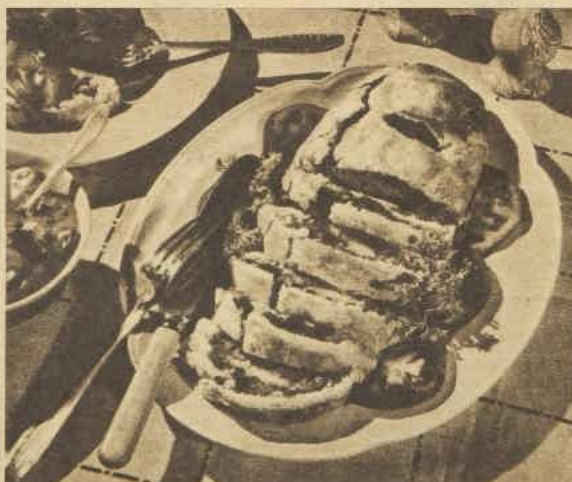
Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. J. Howe, 21 Prince St., Alberton, S.A.

MOCK RASPBERRY JAM

Two pounds quinces, 3lb. tomatoes, 5lb. sugar, juice of 2 lemons, 2 cups water.

Peel and core quinces, dice finely or put through coarse mincer. Dip tomatoes in boiling water, remove skins, chop finely. Place fruit, water, and lemon juice on to boil in large preserving-pan, cook gently until fruit is tender. Warm sugar, add gradually to fruit, cook steadily 2 to 2½ hours until mixture "jells" when tested on a cold saucer. Stir occasionally to prevent sticking and remove scum as it rises to the surface. Bottle while hot into clean, dry, heated jars; seal when cold, label, and store in dark place.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. S. M. Carr, "Campsie," Somers, Vic.



MEAT ROLL served with tomato and mushroom sauce, as a hot luncheon or dinner dish. The recipe wins first prize in this week's contest.

Have you tried this way to RADIANT HEALTH AND FITNESS



YOU'VE probably tried many ways. But this one—the Bile Beans way—has all the support of thousands of women throughout the Commonwealth.

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SEND 20/- FULL TWENTY DAYS' COURSE

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***“They’ve had a
lot of wear, but they’ve
been well looked after”***

Regular cleaning with Kiwi makes *all* the difference. Kiwi gets right down into the pores of the leather, the penetrating action of the waxes keeps your shoes from ‘drying out’, it keeps them soft and supple and protects against moisture. Kiwi brings out the best in your shoes and gives a brilliant mirror-like shine.

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BROWN • MAHOGANY • OX BLOOD
BLUE • TRANSPARENT DRESSING



(1) A radio, (2) a comfortable bed, (3) a pipe or some cigarettes, (4) an occasional cup of coffee.

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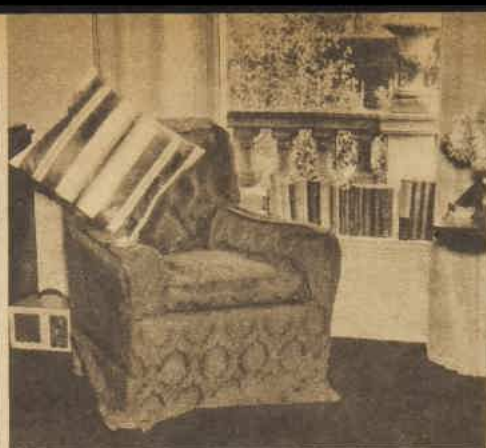


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PH-12



GLIMPSE OF SITTING-ROOM. Walls are palest sage-green; amethyst-toned carpet and upholstered chairs, one in sage-green; oyster-toned curtains; Roman striped cushions and stool-top.



DINING-ROOM: Parchment-white walls, deep green carpet. Collection of china on attractive dresser in green and white; curtains have a cocoa-and-white tiger-lily motif.

French Jacket... Continued from page 31

40th Row: Cast off 8 sts., work in patt. to last 20 sts., k 2 tog., k 6, k 2 tog., k 2, k 2 tog., k to the end of the row.

42nd Row: Cast off 8 sts., work to end of the row.

44th Row: Cast off 8 sts., k 5, k 2 tog., k 2, k 2 tog., k to end of row.

45th Row: Purl.

46th Row: K. Rep. the last 2 rows for 21 inches.

Leave these sts. on a spare needle.

RIGHT FRONT

Work as given for left front, working shapings at opposite ends of needles and making buttonholes in 23rd and 24th rows and 2nd in following 15th and 16th rows, 3rd in 9th and 10th rows of ribbing, 4th in 9th and 10th rows of patt., and following 21st and 22nd rows until 6 buttonholes in all have been worked.

TO MAKE BUTTONHOLES

1st Row: K 7, cast off 2 sts., work to end of the row.

2nd Row: Work to last 7 sts., cast on 2, p to end of the row.

BACK

Using No. 9 needles, cast on 178 sts. Work a hem as given for front. P 1 row. Proceed as follows:

1st Row: K 1, * knot, k 2, knot, k 8, knot, k 2, knot, rep. from * to last st., k 1.

2nd and Alt. Rows: Purl.

3rd Row: * K 2, knot, k 2, knot, k 6, knot, k 2, knot, rep. from * to last 2 sts., k 2.

5th Row: K 3, knot, k 2, knot, * k 4, knot, k 2, knot, rep. from * to last 3 sts., k 3.

7th Row: K 4, (knot, k 2) three times, knot, * k 6, (knot, k 2) three times, knot, rep. from * to last 4 sts., k 4.

9th Row: K 5, (knot, k 2, knot) twice, * k 8, (knot, k 2, knot) twice, rep. from * to last 5 sts., k 5.

11th Row: As 7th row.

13th Row: As 5th row.

15th Row: As 3rd row.

16th Row: As 2nd row.

Cont. in patt., decreasing once at

each end of next and every following 6th row three times (170 sts.).

Work without shaping until 2 patts. and 15 rows of the 3rd patt. have been completed.

Using No. 12 needles, proceed as follows:

Next Row: P 2, p 2 tog., p 3, (p 2 tog., p 2, p 2 tog.) twenty-six times, p 3, p 2 tog., p 2 (116 sts.).

Next Row: K 2, * p 1, k 1, rep. from * to the end of the row.

Rep. the last row 17 times.

Change to No. 9 needles, and work in patt., increasing once each end of 17th and every following 8th row until 124 sts. are on needle. Work without shaping until 14in. from lower edge, ending with a p row. Cast off 7 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. once at each end of next and every alt. row until 96 sts. rem. Cont. without shaping until armhole measures same as front armhole.

Cast off 8 sts. at beg. of next 8 rows. Cast off rem. sts.

SLEEVES

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 66 sts.

Work a hem as given for front.

P 1 row.

Work in patt. as given for back until 2 patts. have been completed.

Change to No. 9 needles and cont. in patt., increasing once each end of next and every following 8th row until 92 sts. are on needle.

Cont. without shaping until sleeve measures 17in. from lower edge.

Cast off 2 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. once each end of next and every alt. row until 96 sts. remain. Cast off 3 sts. at beg. of next 4 rows. Cast off.

Work another sleeve in the same manner.

TO MAKE UP

Press hems and seams only. Fold back shaped collar and press carefully. Sew up side, sleeve, and shoulder seams. Sew in sleeves.



ATTRACTIVE FIREPLACE in drawing-room, photographed from sitting-room. Figurines on recessed shelf above mantelpiece.

Turn back 3 sts. along front edges. Sew underlap of collar in position.

BUTTONS

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 6 sts. Work in plain, smooth fabric, inc. once each end of alt. rows until 10 sts. are on needle. Work 5 rows. Dec. each end of next and alt. rows until 6 sts. rem. Cast off. Sew up edges. Pad with cotton-wool. Draw up tightly and sew on cardigan.

Dependable * Safe * Sure



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NAPKIN MOST
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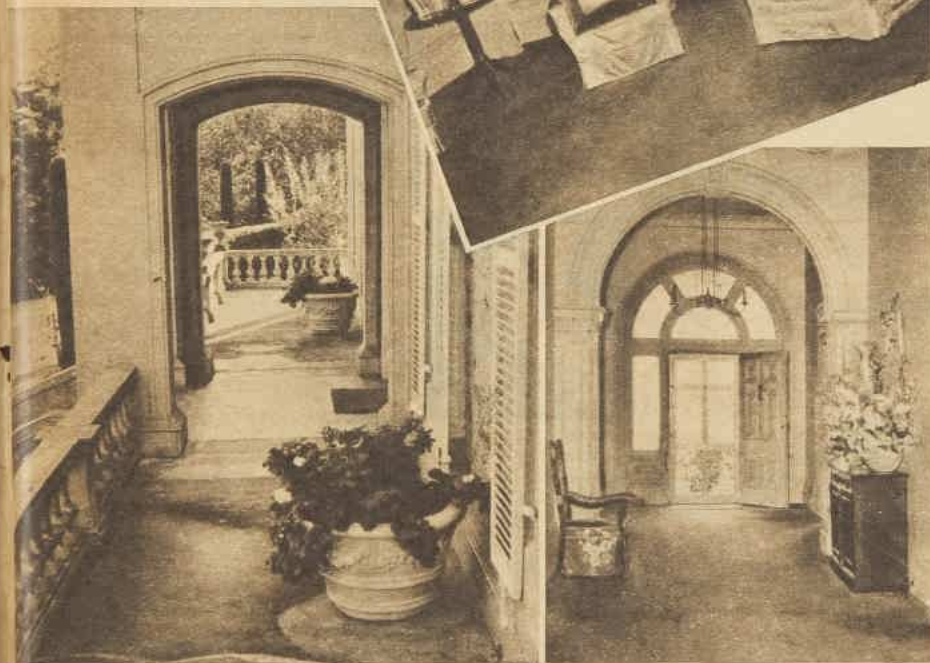
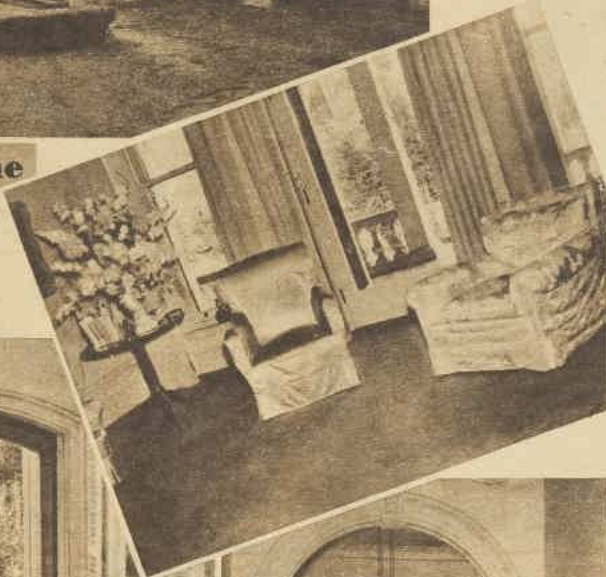


LEFT: Exterior view of the pillared entrance to Mr. and Mrs. Hew O'Halloran Giles' home, Medindie, Adelaide.

BELOW: Corner of lovely drawing-room. Walls are tinted delicate apricot shade, with matching window-drapes in heavy satin. Settee and several of the chairs in soft green, gold dotted; others in oyster brocaded satin. Note flowers.

Adelaide home

● Here are glimpses of Mr. and Mrs. Hew O'Halloran Giles' home, The Avenue, Medindie — one of Adelaide's most charmingly furnished homes.



VIEW OF THE BALUSTRADE and spacious hallway looking towards the doorway. Floor is carpeted in sage-green, and walls are tinted to match. Lovely white flower arrangement is pampas grass, chrysanthemums, gladioli, zinnias, roses, and snowberries. Chair upholstered in Chinese-red, white, and gold.

Peaceful Nights For Baby and You



At teething time — or at any time if baby is a trifle feverish — give Ashton & Parsons' INFANTS' POWDERS. They soothe at once — cool the blood, gently regulate the motions. Never be without these wonderful powders — they ensure the health and happiness of your baby — AND THEY ARE ABSOLUTELY SAFE.

Box of 28 Powders — 1/6

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"KANTHURK" WOOLLENS for cozy warmth — guaranteed unshrinkable.

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Lucky Joy—her jumper has that lovely

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"Cadet" an exclusive Lux model

KNITTEDS STAY NEW-LOOKING FAR LONGER WITH GENTLE LUX CARE

Smart as a salute . . . this fashion-first shortie with a hand-span waist. Soldier-boy buttons march down the front — shoulders are trim and square. Don't risk ruining jumpers like this by using strong soaps or harsh washing methods such as bar-soap rubbing. Frequent Lux dips keep knitteds soft and shapely — with that lovely new look, that LUX look.



Send for these **FREE KNITTING INSTRUCTIONS**

Free instructions for "Cadet" jumper will gladly be sent in bust sizes 32-36 ins. Simply cut out this panel (round dotted lines) and pin it to a stamped, addressed envelope. Post to Knitting Offer, Lever Brothers Pty. Ltd., Box 4100 G.P.O., Sydney. WW

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The Doctor Answers

ABOUT BACKACHE:

Patient: "Why do so many people suffer with Backache, Doctor?"

Doctor: "Because your back muscles are working constantly holding up your body, any extra strain is quickly felt; again, uric acid and other poisons often collect in these muscles if your kidneys and bowels are not functioning well and correctly."

Patient: "But, why, Doctor, do these poisons in the blood so often affect the muscles of the back?"

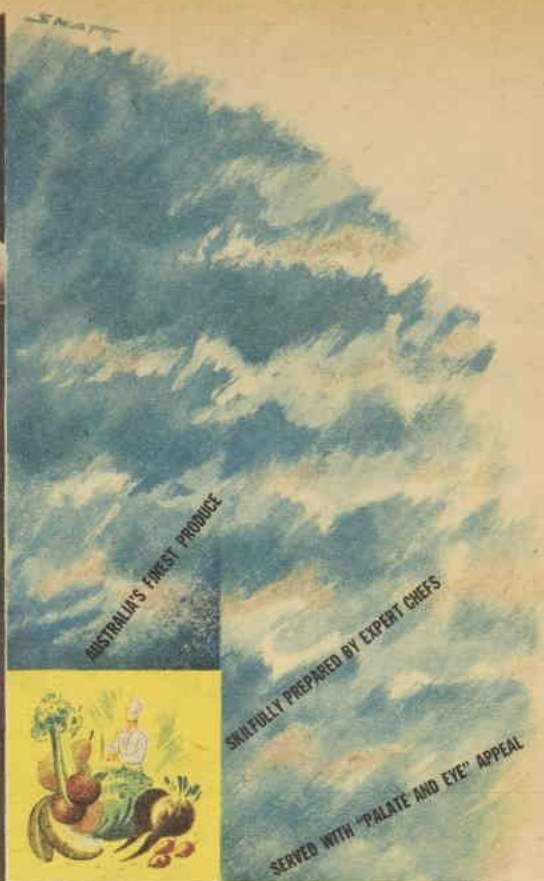
Doctor: "For the reason I gave just now—you feel the effect of these blood poisons in the weakest or most overworked parts of your body first. If you feel the effects in your back muscles, you can be sure they are everywhere in your muscles and joints, and the sensible thing to do is to get rid of these poisons as quickly as you can."

If you suffer from Backache, rheumatic pains, sciatica, lumbago, kidney and bladder weaknesses, neuritis, gout, or similar aches and pains, you will be delighted with the relief and renewed energy Menthoids will give you. Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids contain Thionine—the great blood medicine which does so much to drive out these crippling poisons from your blood, strengthen your kidneys and tone up your whole system.

Get a month's treatment flask of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids for 6/6 with Diet Chart, or a 12-day flask for 3/6, from your nearest chemist or store, or a postal note to British Medical Laboratories, Box 4155, G.P.O., Sydney, will bring you Menthoids by return mail.



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NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS . . .

1036



No. 1036—BABY'S MATINEE JACKET
This dainty jacket is obtainable with the pattern and embroidery design clearly traced ready to cut out, machine, and embroider. The material is a wool mixture in white, pink, or blue.
Sues infants to 12 months, price 6/11 (3 coupons). Postage, 4½d. extra.

No. 1037—LUNCHEON SET
Design traced on good quality linen in cream or white ready for embroidery. Or on sheer linen in shades of pale blue, pink, green, and lemon.
Sizes: The centre mat measures 17in. x 17in., the plate mat 11in. x 11in., the cup and saucer mat 5in. x 5in., and the serviettes 11in. x 11in.
Nine-piece set comprising 1 centre mat, 4 plate mats, and 4 cup and saucer mats, 14/11 complete. Postage, 1/0½ extra.
Thirteen-piece set comprising 1 centre mat, 4 plate mats, and 8 cup and saucer mats, 18/11 complete. Postage, 1/4½ extra.
Serviettes to match, 1/6 each extra.

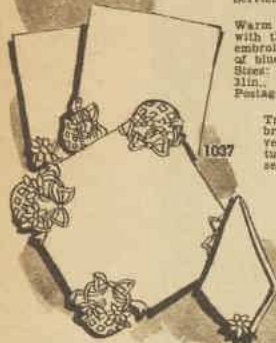
No. 1038—OVERALLS
Warm and comfortable for the toddler. They are obtainable with the pattern clearly traced, ready to cut out, machine, and embroider. The material is good quality wool crepe in colors of blue, pink, beige, and green.
Sizes: Two years, length 29in., 9/3 (3 coupons); 3 years, length 31in., 10/8 (4 coupons); 4 years, length 33in., 11/9 (4 coupons).
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No. 1039—THREE INFANTS' BIRDS
Traced with an animal motif ready for you to embroider. They measure 1in. x 11in., and will launder very well. When embroidery is finished, make a small turning and machine edges. Prices: 1/- each, or set of three (3) 2/9. Postage, 3½d. extra.

1039



1037



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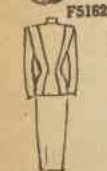
F5164



**Fashion
PATTERNS**



F5163



F5162



F5165

TO ORDER: Needlework Notions and Fashion Patterns may be obtained from our Pattern Department. If ordering by mail send to address given on page 22.

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